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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



FTER days and weeks of counsel by President Hoover at the White House with leaders in industry, labor and business, the December skies began to clear after the drear aspect of November. It was fitting that this should have occurred at the time the Thanksgiving proclamation was made. Herbert Hoover always seems to be at his best in a crisis. Cool-headed and with the passion for gathering facts, first-hand and face to face, he has done much to stem the tide of recession that followed the wild orgy of gambling in stocks. His plan involved no magic or legerdemain. It is simply to go to work, keep people at work and all work together. He made the definite request to manufacturers not to cut wages or reduce employment; but to speed up and utilize the reserve for the future. Henry Ford was the first to respond with a pledge for immediate wage increase effecting one hundred and fifty thousand people employed in his plants. Julius Barnes of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce took the leadership in establishing a continuing economic conference to strengthen the weak spots in the industrial fabric. The President has pointed out that there was no reason why business should not be carried on as usual and general employment maintained. The announcement was made that utility industrial plans subject to reasonable credit called for an expenditure of one billion dollars which would serve to keep the wheels going. Around the table puffing cigars vigorously and keeping them well-lighted, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, occupied the same chair in the morning hour taken by William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor in the afternoon.



The late James W. Good, Secretary of War

THE scenes about the White House have suggested the early days of the World War, when the prominent leaders of the country gathered at Washington to meet the situation by building up a spirit of co-operation. The hotel registers contain the names of more prominent men representing every important activity in the country than at any time since the war. There was Owen D. Young of the General Electric, Clarence Wooley of the American Radiator, Walter F. Gifford of the Amer-

Tel. and Tel. Co., Matthew Sloan, President of the National Electric Light Association and a long list of men who direct the industrial budgets of the country. There was a general atmosphere of good feeling that provided a most impressive object lesson to the Congress assembled on Capitol Hill, which finally adjourned after a futile effort to agree upon a Tariff Bill and whose deliberations have suggested a boiler shop in full blast.

THERE was sincere mourning in Washington when the news flashed that Secretary James W. Good had succumbed after his brave battle for life. If there ever was a man who grew gray in public service and gave the best that was in him to his country, it was the late Secretary of War. Hailing from the congressional district in which President Hoover was born, he made a record as a congressman that would alone have entitled him to enduring fame. He was the great friend and confidant of Herbert Hoover and had much to do with directing his nomination and election as President of the United States. This was the first break in the arc of the Hoover Cabinet circle. The funeral exercises were held in the White House and the distinguished secretary was paid high honors by the legion of friends and associates in public service. To the last moment he was rendering unselfish and devoted service to his country and the flag which he honored as Secretary of War. The remains of this illustrious son of Iowa were taken back to his native state which he had so brilliantly served in Congress.

COINCIDENT with the meeting in Washington, New England had a conference in Boston attended by all the Governors and all the leading manufacturers of the six states. The president of the Conference, Mr. Redfield Proctor, was called to Washington, but the New England Conference opened with stirring speeches by Governors Frank G. Allen of Massachusetts, Tudor Gardiner of Maine, Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire, Norman S. Case of Rhode Island and John H. Trumbull of Connecticut, which all served to solidify action all along the line towards following out the suggestions of President Hoover, who was sent a hearty telegram of greeting by the Council which had already



Martin L. Davey, Congressman from Ohio

or curtailing employment. The spirit of the old town meeting seemed to prevail throughout the country in meeting the emergency that followed the October and November crash in stocks.

THE floor of the Senate looked like a Christmas shop during the November days with a large table covered with brass horns with gold and silver tinsel and all sorts of ornaments for Christmas time. It was presented as an object lesson to the august Senate in its discussion of the tariff bill. On the walls were maps indicating other phases of the discussion. In the meantime there was the paradox of Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, the Democrat, making a plea for a protective tariff on textiles. He was bitterly opposed by the Senator from Iowa registered as a Republican, indicating that party platforms were somewhat mixed on the issue. At that time they were having night sessions in hopes of getting some sort of a bill through at the extra session which might give the people a real occasion for a thanksgiving that Congress had at last taken some sort of action on legislation pending of paramount importance to the business interests of the country. What was hoped for was a roll call that would settle something one way or the other, and save the reputation of what is now known as the "dilly-dally" Congress of 1929.

AFTERNOON sessions are the rule at the Executive Office. The changes in the interior, removing partitions, have given a larger space for the waiting visitors, and provided an extra stairway with a brass rail to the basement as an exit. Secretary George Aker-son is kept busy providing for the stream of visitors and furnishing the newspaper men news twice a day that comes direct from headquarters without the intermediary of the phantom spokesman. A new photograph of President Hoover adorns his office that reflects a smiling greeting which is verified when the visitor passes into the circular room and views a man at the desk who

begun action on the policy of preserving an equilibrium and direct money into production rather than speculation. President Charles L. Edgar of the Edison Electric Company revealed to the Conference that the power companies throughout the country had reported to President Hoover within twenty-four hours budgets aggregating \$800,000,000 of which \$60,000,000 was in New England, which would be maintained fully without retrenchment

knows how to organize his work and exemplify the functions of a real executive. While President Hoover is not much on the handshaking or social greeting, there is a charm in the modest and quiet way in which he received guests that eliminates all feeling of formalities.

IN his office located in the Interior Building, because of overflow of the Department of Commerce Building, Judge Ira Ellsworth Robinson, Chairman of the Federal Radio Commission heads a tribunal that is of more direct and far-reaching personal interest to more people than any other court in the United States. Ever since his appointment as chairman of the Federal Commission he has dealt with many new legal phases in connection with radio. The "channels" are being cleared and interferences eliminated, while the six hundred or more broadcasting stations of the country conduct their business on a license limited to only three months, despite their heavy investments reaching into millions. The Radio Commission since Judge Robinson was made chairman in 1928 has been absorbed in interpreting the law and the Davis Amendment, protecting the franchise of the air "to serve public interest, convenience or necessity."

Judge Robinson was born in Grafton, W. Va. and graduated from the State University in 1890. A year later he began the practice of law and soon after became a member of the West Virginia Senate. Elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals in 1908, he was the presiding chief justice of that court for five years. The Republican nominee for Governor of the state in 1918, he made a splendid showing of popularity under the conditions.

While a lecturer on law at the Northwestern University in Chicago, prior to similar services in his own State University, he was a contributor to legal periodicals as an authority on criminal laws, having been chairman of the Criminal Law section of the American Bar Association.

From his home at "Adaland" in West Virginia, he has an inspiring view of the mountains where he absorbs that breadth of view and comprehensive vision that has characterized his work on the bench and as a public official.

In the same quiet way with which he conducts his legal work and with the positiveness of a judicial decision,



Al Ladner, Supreme Dictator, L. O. O. Moose

he handed me this opinion.

"James Whitcomb Riley is my favorite poet, and every time I want a real heart throb I repeat the lines of 'Ike Walton's Prayer.' Riley seemed to understand us mortals who have poetic dreams but little time to indulge ourselves in the lofty realm of poetry."

On the wall was a picture of Robert Burns, I looked at it closely as a Scotchman should.



Major George Palmer Putnam, the veteran New York Publisher

"Yes, I love Burns and can repeat many of his poems," said Judge Robinson, "but somehow Riley gets just a little closer to my heart, because he speaks our dialect."

The Judge recited Burns with a real Scotch accent and then with a smile continued "You know where that picture of Burns came from? It was to advertise the Robert Burns cigar," which indicates that even in commercial exploitation we come in contact with the best in literature.

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THE Freshman class for the young "Turks" as they are called by some, consisting of twenty new senators, some young, some old in years, made a valiant fight to give President Hoover real support in the Senate, but they were only twenty in number. But it was an effective bloc on some occasions and was joined now and then by the veteran Senator Borah in various parliamentary bouts. They had hoped to force through some sort of tariff bill and fought adjournment to the last. There was many a manoeuvre in the voting that at times made it difficult to follow out the designation in the Congressional Directory marking certain names "R" for Republican and "D" for Democrat. The extra session was a merry "free-for-all" that will not be chronicled as a straight and square fight on party lines, but it was hoped that the regular opening of Congress would bring about some definite organization that would result in legislation or at least eliminate the spectre of threatening bills, upsetting all business calculations.

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THE delegates appointed to the London Conference in January represent all branches of government and also present a personnel that will reflect credit to the country. To secure results looking towards peace without imperilling the safety and protection of each nation as well as their own in the inherent rights that go with the creation of an effective and efficient peace program and reduction of armament, is the dominant objective of the American delegation, headed by Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson. There was a significance in a flashlight caught of Secretary Stimson greeting a stray dog which he met on his way to the office. It reflected a spirit of kindli-



Hon. Henry L. Stimson makes the little pet dog sit up and speak for himself

ness and good will that will be the dominant motive of the delegation from the United States in the deliberations which may mean so much to the world at large.

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I N a discussion of the Chain Store proposition I heard a U. S. Senator pay high tribute to the methods of the Penney stores and an enthusiastic tribute to James

Cash Penney, the founder. He insisted that the Penney System was a stimulus to good citizenship as well as good stores in any community. Mr. James C. Penney, Jr. early in life learned the necessity of labor as a basis of real education and that one could not be a good member of a community or a good member of a church or any organization without doing something for the activities



Louis Kirstein of Boston
A Problem Solver



James Cash Penney
Founder of the Penney Stores

with which one was affiliated. Born on a farm in Hamilton County, Missouri, Mr. Penney started with the ambition of "keeping" store. From a salary of six dollars a week he has become the head of a corporation that controls a thousand stores in a thousand cities in which individual ownership has played an important part in the plans. The little "Golden Rule" store in Wyoming has evolved the department stores scattered over the country in which the managers are partners. So much so in fact that a very small interest in the stores is held by the parent organization. It has evolved a plan of co-operative merchandising that brings the profits to all concerned, whether consumer or merchants. Mr. Penney has been as active in his public work as in his business. He established the Penney foundation which provides a home for hundreds of retired ministers of Protestant churches and their wives in Florida. The Emmadine Stock Farm has developed in such a way as to share the benefits with farmers all over the country. The owner of the *Christian Herald*—he is associated with many public movements looking for the betterment of people and conditions. Mr. Penney has well earned the distinction of being a constructive citizen who has projected his ideas on merchandising and civic responsibilities into thousands of communities, that reach back to the humble beginning at Kemmerer, Wyoming. The Penney-Gwinn Farms at Green Cove Springs, Florida, is another illustration of the progressive and forward looking personality that enlisted the praise of the United States Senator in Washington. This tract of 120,000 acres has done much in demonstrating the productivity of the Peninsular State.

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WHEN there is a perplexing problem involving business relations, philanthropy or something to do with the general public welfare in Washington they naturally think of Edward Louis Kirstein of Boston. He began life as an errand boy and has continued doing

good errands ever since. As a traveling salesman from Rochester, his native city, he began making those observations that count for so much in his level-headed decisions in later days. He left the optical business to go into the clothing business with Stein-Bloch and later was called to Boston to join the Filene stores of which he is now Vice President. In Boston he soon became a leading factor and influence in business affairs and was head of the Board of War in the War Department at Washington for the purchase of all Army uniforms in 1918.



Winston Churchill
The Popular American Novelist

The long list of activities in which he is engaged include the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Vice President of the Boston Public Library and Member of the National Council at large of the Boy Scouts of America. His daily schedule includes meetings in scores of organizations in which he is a director that have to do with practical and progressive philanthropy and helpfulness. Prominent in much of the charitable work of Jewish organizations he has given generously of his time in responding to the many calls upon him for clear-headed judgment and executive direction.



Margot Asquith, wife of the late Lord Asquith, Premier of Great Britain
who knows how to lecture the U. S. A.

SOON after the appearance of his novel "Richard Carvel" one of the "best sellers" twenty years ago,

I made a pilgrimage to the home of Winston Churchill the author. He was then at work on a new novel, and had built a small shack in the garden some distance from the handsome home which he had just completed. His methodic working hours were from nine to twelve and from one to five in the afternoon. The house itself was a replica of one described in his novel, located at Annapolis, where he graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1894. Born in St. Louis he portrayed in "The Crisis," characters and scenes, familiar to his native city in ante-bellum days—prior to the Civil War. His novels have contributed much towards stimulating an interest in the history and literature of the United States. He still maintains his post office address at Cornish, Vermont, located on the banks of the Connecticut on the New Hampshire border. Few authors have given more vivid and stirring pictures of American life extending over the wider period than our Winston Churchill, who has by no means suffered in glory and fame in his own right, even if it did so chance that a distinguished English statesman was born and christened with the same name, in the same year of 1871. Known as our American Winston Churchill he has been as forceful in his sphere as an author as his namesake—a stormy petrel in British politics—has been in the public affairs of Great Britain.

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RUMORS were current in Washington that Margot Asquith, widow of the late Premier Asquith was to make another farewell lecture tour in the United States. This recalled the novel, "Dodo", that was a sensation in England, when Margot Tennant, later Lady Asquith was recognized as the heroine of the book. Her autobiography in 1922 made a sensation for the titled lady living at Bedford Square in London. As the wife of one of England's noted Premiers she knows her British politics and politicians. When she appeared before an audience, the modest appearing, soft-spoken voiced, slender figure of a woman, proved a dynamic force in her analysis of people. She was compared to Maude Adams and "Billy" Sunday by the critics, but her many hearers concluded that she was entertaining, magnetic and adorable, so that she can safely count on a loyal constituency in the U. S. A. if she should choose to come this way again.

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CONTINUING his work as a Congressman without the suggestion of an interruption, Martin L. Davey seems to keep right on growing, like the trees he loves, after his remarkable race as the Democratic nominee for Governor in Ohio. He made a remarkable showing running far ahead of his ticket following a vigorous campaign in which he spoke in nearly every county in the state. One naturally thinks of a sturdy, growing tree when he glimpses the slender form of Representative Martin Davey on the floor of Congress, ready to engage in a forensic combat. An able debater, a clear-headed thinker, he does not let much go by in the legislative affairs on Capitol Hill without knowing something about it. As a member of the important House committee on Foreign Affairs, Mr. Davey has

been regarded as one of the coming leaders of his party. He seems to know just where to "put in the cement" to save a bill in Congress and make it grow into a full-grown statute that will find a place in the big leather book that embodies the Federal Law.



Sir Esme Howard

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MINGLED with the regret expressed upon the retirement of Sir Esme Howard, comes the welcome Sir Ronald Charles Lindsay, the new British Ambassador at Washington. As Under Secretary at the Foreign Office in London since 1921 he has made an enviable record. He was the Counselor at the British Embassy at Washington for the three years previous to taking up his work in London. His first wife was the daughter of the late Senator J. Donald Cameron of Pennsylvania.

His second wife was Elizabeth Sherman Hoyt of New York who will preside as hostess at the Embassy which promises to be the center of the busy social season that will characterize activities in diplomatic circles for the coming winter. Sir Ronald is the fifth son of the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford, and began his diplomatic career as attache of the Embassy in Washington. He has seen service in what was known as St. Petersburg; at Tehran, Persia, France, Egypt and was secretary to the British representatives at the International Opium Conference in 1911. Few Ambassadors have taken up their work more thoroughly prepared for the responsibilities, than Sir Ronald Lindsay, who with his wife, are already popular and outstanding figures in social circles in Washington.

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AS Supreme Dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose and a Governor of Mooseheart, Al Ladner won his distinction thru merited achievement. Early in his career as a Philadelphia lawyer—and that means something even in these days—Al Ladner took an active interest in the Philadelphia lodge of the Moose which has since become the largest in the world. A familiar figure in Washington he has kept in close touch with work of fraternal organizations of all descriptions. As Supreme Dictator his ambition is to even increase the wonderful record made by his organization, in the furtherance of such projects as Mooseheart and Moosehaven to say nothing of adding thousands of new members to the enrollment. Mr. Ladner is an alert and an aggressive leader of men and an inspiring speaker. A close intimate friend of Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, who was virtually the founder and remains the Director General of the order L. O. O. M. which includes a large membership among the wage earners of the country, Al Ladner insists he has a real job ahead of him.

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STIRRING scenes of war days were recalled in Washington when the news came that Andre Tardieu was trying to form a Cabinet as Premier of France. While his stay in office is predicted as brief, his arrival as President of the Council, was significant, for French cabinets have been headed by men heretofore who have arrived before the war; but Tardieu is essentially a World War product. He is one of the most distinguished of journalists, having gone direct from diplomatic service

into newspaper work in Paris. He was the lieutenant of Clemenceau and the representative of France in the United States and officiated as intermediary between American and French delegations. Many times have I seen the intrepid Tardieu during the dark days of the war, making his plea for France. He is an exponent of the new France, and has consistently preached a gospel suggestive of Gambetta and Hoover, visioning a new France in a new world replacing the old traditions of Bismarck, the Chancellor of blood and iron. His later work indicates that he is a convert to the Americanization of French industry and has never been charged with a lack of courage reflecting the power and influence of his late chief, the father of victory, who has passed on to his great reward and lies in his grave at his native place to be remembered as an outstanding figure of the World War. In his last correspondence with Clemenceau, Tardieu remarked that the only thing he could discuss in safety with the intrepid Tiger was God and Moses.

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AN event of 1930 that marks an impressive epoch in American history and has impressed Washington officials is the Three Hundredth anniversary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Essentially it commemorates the founding of modern government and has already elicited the keen interest of many of the governments of the world who will send representatives to attend some of the historic functions. Under the direction of Mr. Rogers who has been identified with all the important expositions, it has become a state-wide exhibition, commemorating with pageants and appropriate ceremonies, participated in by the school children and all the people of the collateral historic events that mark the real beginnings of government. As he has well remarked: "In this celebration Massachusetts will set a new mode for observances of notable anniversaries."



Lady Elizabeth Hoyt Lindsay, wife of Sir Ronald Lindsay, the newly appointed British Ambassador at Washington

Boston as a Center of Grand Opera

A movement to organize a permanent Grand Opera Company in Boston to develop the musical talent connected with schools and conservatories from which Grand Opera artists are recruited

By MAY CALDWELL HOWARD

DURING the fall months there has been made a tentative survey of Boston music lovers to determine the feeling in Boston regarding the establishment of a permanent Opera Company.

For this purpose the Boston Grand Opera Society has been organized to sponsor the Boston Grand Opera Company. The response to our appeal for such a society has been most encouraging. This appeal has been made largely by circular only. Personal solicitation—a drive dominated by some dynamic personality, or the influence of people accustomed to asking favors of people on their "lists" has not been resorted to in this movement.

The organization committee has rather waited for a real response, the realization of such a need, and a general interest. In other words, the response of everyone whose interest is such the seats will be filled, rather than cheques filled out in big sums by those whose civic pride is willing to furnish the city its necessities.

The Society's plan is *not* to ask a few to underwrite a venture, but out of the thousands in Boston, have a real music-loving audience and interest, where the contributors offer more of *themselves* than their money.

Founders of the Society join with a hun-

dred dollar contribution, members may join with a ten-dollar contribution. Almost anyone can afford a ten-dollar membership and as members with the privilege of the purchase of seats before the public sale, at a slight reduction, can feel they are sure to offer their friends a treat by the great help of interesting them in the purchase of seats. Five hundred active members if they interest only five of their friends for each night's performance can fill the house. Coming a stranger into Boston, a few years ago, I was most impressed by the listening quality of the audiences, at the Symphony, Jordan Hall Concerts and all places where the music lovers go.

If the performance of the various modes of musical expression is an art, intelligent listening is as great an art. Boston with its years of musical traditions has built up a most perfect audience for the musically ambitious. The unfortunate performer goes away and calls us cold, too critical and all that. The artist who feels the audience and feels encouraged to give them something calls our audiences inspiring, stimulating, giving as well as receiving, and an evening of music becomes a choice of experiences,

with every one happy. But in my bird's-eye peep over musical Boston we found an alarming situation. Traditions must be lived up to, not remembered. Continued,



A glimpse of the horseshoe circle of the Boston Opera House

not folded away in lavender and old lace.

The young people who are taking the places of those who have made Boston's delightful audiences, and who will be in absolute control within a few years, will they carry on? One delightful young woman who in ten years will be busy with debutante lists for her grown-up daughters said to me the other day, "My dear, you are going to fail, with my set anyway. We are not opera-minded." Old age crushed me, and in a cracked voice I managed to peep, "Why?"

"Well the stories are so absurd. Old fashioned you know. Not like things of today."

I actually looked for crutches to get away from there. All the thrill I got from any new performance, the perfection of some voice, the unity of a crowd of musicians all centered about the re-creation of an old, old story. All the things I go to the opera for, were just condemned as old-fashioned. There seemed to be nothing to do, but go up in an airship, jump out without a parachute and have a modern suicide, anyway. Perhaps that's it. We are in a new era.

Opera-minded may be connected with air-minded. New operas may evolve from this machine age and tail spins will be expressed by rapidly descending chromatic scales, and the throb of propellers take the place of the thunder of *Götterdämmerung*, but in the meantime, singers must be encouraged to study, orchestra musicians fed and clothed. Dark opera houses lighted up and filled with people who if they don't know how to listen, like Boston audiences of more fortunate days, must go through the process of learn-



Boston Opera House, counted one of the best equipped centres of Grand Opera in the country

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In Honduras, Land of the Mayas

The sites and scenes where American civilization began visited by Colonel Lindbergh—American tourists making Central America and the land where ancient civilization flourished a winter resort unfolding history as fascinating as that of Egypt

LINDBERGH'S 1929 flight to Central America, exploring the scenes of the ancient Maya civilization, provided live news concerning ancient peoples and events that were recorded centuries ago in temples that were in ruins, prior to the Christian era. In company with scientists and archeologists he hovered over the old ruins, far remote from the haunts of civilization.

In the jungles and on the mountains covered with the luxuriant growth of tropical foliage, many new discoveries were made that will illuminate the almost obliterated records of nations who inhabited this area while Moses was leading the children of Israel out of Egypt. The country was as much thrilled by the incidents covered in cable dispatches of this aerial voyage of discovery, as it was in his initial epochal good will flights. Aviation has seemed to have already brought the world closer together in this physical life of today, to say nothing of bringing vivid scenes of a misty past to the comprehension of the swift moving present.

Memories of my recent tour to Honduras and Central America were recalled as I read the succinct phrases cabled in the "log" of Colonel Lindbergh's aerial cruise of Central America. First came the graphic contrast presented when the United Fruit Steamer Carrillo, landed me at the wharf of Tela, Honduras,—the new port which they have created on the historic bay. A point of land has been transformed by the enterprise of this corporation into a tropical rendezvous for winter-time unsurpassed. Lining the shores of the bay were stately palms, fringing a beach that equalled in extent and beauty anything that has ever been poetized in Floridian literature. The homes, buildings and conveniences provided thru the magical transformation of this company's operations in the tropics made it all seem like a transplanted and glorified Palm Beach—and all within two days' sail of New Orleans. There were shops, schools, hospitals, churches and all the necessities and comforts of modern civilization, provided in the policy of a com-

pany that long ago foreshadowed a plan of making the tropics a place to live and to thrive, according to modern demands.

All this has resulted in adding many millions to the revenues of nations that did not have much in the way of foreign trade and made possible for them practically the same comforts as those to be found in the United States.

The history of Central America is replete with romance reaching far back into the centuries, much of which has been little known to modern times. Last year the executive machinery of the government of Honduras passed from the "Blues"

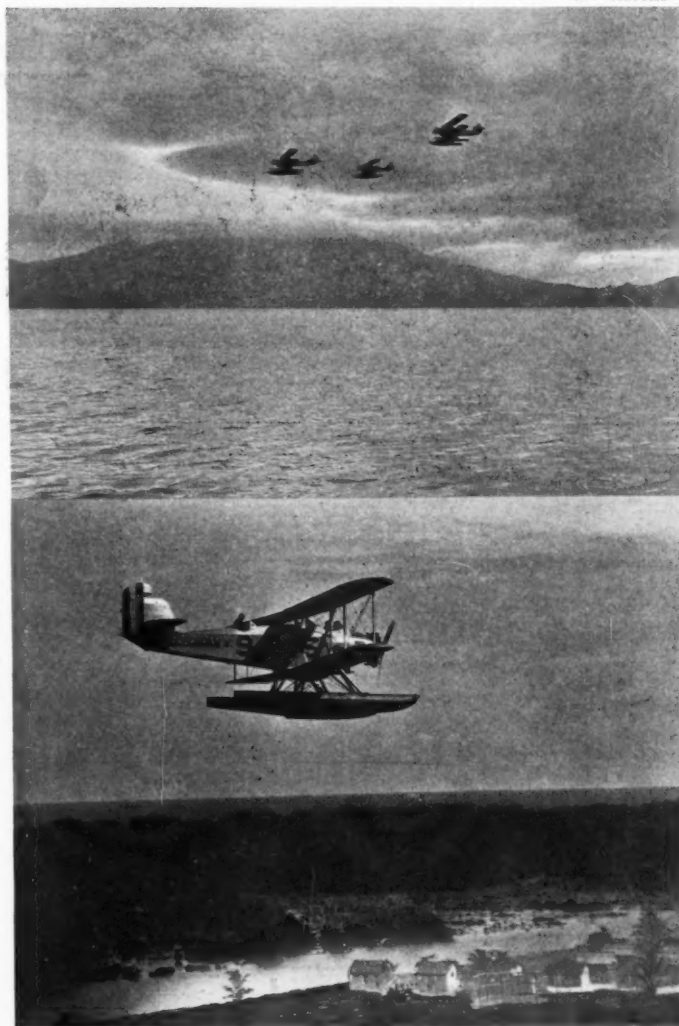
to the "Reds"—Conservatives to the Radicals—without the semblance of a revolution, and \$100,000 in gold in the treasury. The adjustments to the new official control were made as peaceably and quietly as the executive authority passed from Coolidge to Hoover in the United States.

Some of the United Fruit Company boats fly the Honduran flag and the ancient capital, Tegucigalpa, nestling in the center of the country, is now connected with the port of Tela by a regular air route—a distance requiring days and even weeks by mules to cover—now reached in a few hours.

The perennial boundary dispute between Honduras and Guatemala still continues, but it is now quieted under a protocol, so to speak. The River Dulce captivated the irrepressible Cortez when he first discovered the broad river penetrating rugged cliffs covered with tropical trees, plants and flowers, brilliant in tropical luxuriance. He was seeking to establish a capital of a New World empire. The run suggested the enchanting flower of youth and eternal springtime. Here Hon. Cameron Forbes, former Governor of the Philippines fished and lingered long in a natural beauty suggesting the glory of Eden.

The same scenes that fascinated the intrepid conquistadors now greet the eyes of many tourists who find here a new realm to escape the rigors of a northern winter that possesses a peculiar mystic charm that glows with the romance of olden times when the countries on the Spanish Main were counted as the territory which would claim the population and become the new countries to be established in the New World.

Under a scorching sun I reverently touched the old pillars of the Maya ruins. They seemed strangely like the relics of Old World cradles of civilization. There was evident the worship of the sun and the moon and the ruins indicated the proportions of great temples where a religious ceremony was continued for many centuries. Up the stone steps I pushed, as best a fat man could, short of wind, and there looked upon the altar where the



United States Naval Planes at Tela, Honduras

virgin maiden was sacrificed every year to appease the wrath of the gods.



Sisters of Mercy Convent, Belize

The key to all the hieroglyphics of Mayan civilization, reflecting the history of the times, has not yet been discovered, but American archeologists are concentrating every energy in the utilization of every scrap of information to solve the great mystery of the Mayas civilization which has remained for centuries a closed book.

Standing in the torrid tropic sun in the midst of a clearing and excavation in a jungle—I touched the old brown stone pillars and they seemed to gleam with a new light. Overhead was an airplane skimming the blue as if bringing a message from the skies to this remnant of earlier civilization. The individuality—enclosed in costume and tradition of the hundreds of tribes of Indians reveals a marked distinction from the negro population. Something of the noble charm of Greece was suggested by the features of the people I met marching over the old paths trod by burden bearers for centuries.

Colonel Lindbergh came within sight of Chichen Itza, the first of the Maya cities, sighted the Yaxhuma ruins and at ninety miles an hour crossed and recrossed a river where no sign of habitation appeared.

Fanaticism has much to answer for. Burned records, torn down temples, crashed pottery ruthlessly destroyed leaves a missing link of history.

Did these people immigrate from a land of culture or were their ancestors highly civilized but vanquished under the devastating power of a conquering foe? Many meanings have been given to the word "Maya"—that generally accepted is that "Ma" means not, and "Ya" means difficult—that is "not a difficult place in which to live."

Out of the conglomeration of truth and fancy, of history and fable, that comes to the traveler in Central America is a dawning

of new facts. In the middle of this century it was determined that the inhabitants of this area and those of the highlands of Mexico were not the same ethnic stock. The ruins of Yucatan, of Chiapas and Honduras surpass other structures in kind; the painted stucco and carved symbolism on temples at Uxmal, Copan, Palenque and Chichen Itza exceed all other relics of lost races.

Many scientists claim that when the white race came to the shores of the Caribbean, their civilization was actual and that they brought their culture with them—certainly they were not to be classified with the other people of America. While there browsing about as an amateur I felt coming to me continually a comparison between the history of Maya land and that of Egypt. One fact is true today,—a Mexican and an Egyptian can converse together with ease and the root of many of their words are the same. This was a startling revelation.

Bishop Landa came to Mexico on the very heels of the Spanish invasion and he gathered much information and listened to many legends; his writings constitute almost the only information that was not destroyed. Indeed while in Spain I learned



Cocanut Walls, Salt Creek, British Honduras

that his records lay hidden in Spain for three hundred years. In these he insists that old men told him that the people of Yucatan came in ships from the east. There have been reasons for uniting this ancient word of mouth narrative with the story of a great upheaval of waters—a volcanic disturbance which marooned these people upon the coast. This has lead to the theory that the people of culture who came bringing their knowledge of statue building and wall painting, were the lost tribes of Israel. In proof of this they offer the fact that the carvings of heads on the temples have a distinctly Jewish cast of feature.

There is evident here a land formation like the bottom of the sea and everywhere there are caves and long fissures with very little water except in deep wells. This has given rise to the belief that there came a great upheaval through volcanic action. The situation of the Antilles and the

Azores and the small islands in the Pacific have all stood as possible proof but there is no preponderance of evidence. If real ruins could be located in some unexplored section their hieroglyphics might contain the answer to the riddle. Col. Lindbergh's flight was something to give hope to scientists but so far the riddle stands.

"The Lost Continent of Mu"

Interesting facts have been collected, investigated and arranged by Col. James Churchward, who brings forward convincing evidence that the seat of civilization was not in the east but on a sunken continent in the Pacific—that the Motherland of Man was submerged by volcanic action—leaving tropical islands with a marooned people degenerating to savagery, with other scattered people moving east to Yucatan and west to Siam. He bases his theory on certain tablets which he found in India called Naacal tablets; they were written either in Burma or on the lost continent. Translating these tablets Col. Churchward was satisfied that they bear witness to the amazing fact that the civilization of India, Babylonia, Persia, Egypt and Central America all spring from one great source, a white people far advanced in science, religion and customs of living.

Having visited all of their countries except India, I find myself feeling instinctively while visiting these ancient lands that there is a basis for these conclusions.

Suffering many rebuffs Col. Churchward was persistent in obtaining a view of the Naacal Tablets. After close study with facts regarding the islands in the Pacific, the statuary on Easter Island, symbols upon temples in Mexico that are alike in character to those in the countries of the East, he came to the conclusion that the civilization of the early Greeks, the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Egyptians and the Hindus—as well as remnants of

a race in Yucatan—all proceeded from "The Lost Continent of Mu."

While his theories and facts have not been accepted as undisputed settlement of the problem, still they leave one with that tolerant word on the tongue—"possibly."



Government House and Governor's Office, Belize

He claims that the lost continent extended from somewhere north of Hawaii to the south as far as the Fijis and the Easter Island, and declares that the records show that the story of the sunken Motherland of Mu was carried along from India to Egypt to the temple of Sinai and there recorded; that Moses copied it and that Ezra made a faulty translation of it later in the bible. There is also a trace of the similarity of the story of the creation of the world as we know it and that which is recorded in Mu.

Starting with what he considers authentic facts—as carved on the tablets—Col. Churchward finds the origin of the races in the South Sea a marooned people on points of land left standing after the great submerging of a continent. With nothing to eat—cannibalism followed. The Troana Manuscript, now in the British Museum and an ancient book in Yucatan agree in symbols that mean "Land of Mu." At Uxmal in Yucatan a ruined temple bears inscriptions that commemorate "the Lands of the West whence we came." The Mexican pyramid southwest of Mexico City according to its inscriptions was raised as a monument to the destruction of Lands of the West. There is an universality of certain old symbols and customs as discovered in Egypt, Burma, India, Japan, South Sea Islands and Central America—also in the North American Indians. The symbols are so identical they lead the mind to the thought that they must be from the same source.

From his records Col. Churchward draws the conclusion that the inhabitants on the continent that was sunk in the Pacific were a white race—highly civilized—having ships that they sailed all over the world. Their reverence for the Deity was so great that they worshipped in symbols—always addressing the Divine by the phrase "Ra, the Sun." When the great earthquake and subsidence took place the scattered people drifted to different points of land—to islands in the Pacific, to the shores of Yucatan, over to Burma and elsewhere.

Among the Marquesa Islands Frederick O'Brien found descendants of an original white race. The late Dr. Le Plongeon and his wife were the first archeological explorers in Yucatan ruins and among his records of the Sacred Temple of Mysteries at Uxmal, he declares that the temple is 11,500 years old and that the age is verified by the following quotation from Plutarch that "The priests of Egypt told Solon that communications with the Lands of the West were interrupted

900 years before in consequence of the sinking of The Atlantic which made the sea impassable on account of mud and seaweed from the destruction of the country beyond by overwhelming cataclysms."

* * *

Old Egyptian Papyi refers to these upheavals, confirmed by Plato. The theory is that after the submerging of the continent the Pacific had passed over Central America and Yucatan, wiping out the population, and the country was long uninhabited—then surrounding peoples came; the men

were put to the sword and the women enslaved.

As this is an age of investigation and as the tools for unearthing mysteries have been placed in the hands of men, the great mystery of Yucatan, Easter Island, the islands of the Pacific and the origin of the Maya race may be read by future explorers. Certainly these regions invite the labors of scientists. Col. Lindbergh has made his contribution to the subject by performing another hazardous task—a work well done in helping to solve the riddle of an American Egypt.



Captain Charles A. Lindbergh - 1. Levon West.

An etching made of Col. Lindbergh soon after he returned to America after his epochal flight to France

Radio, the Lusty Industrial Infant

A survey of the present and future prospects of radio by William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting Company—As a young man of twenty-eight he visions tremendous developments

AT the age of twenty-eight we find William S. Paley President of the Columbia Broadcasting Company and one of the important figures in the radio world. He was born the sort of young man that did not ask opportunity to knock twice or use an alarm clock. Quick acting, quick thinking, the leading spirit of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Wm. Paley knows his radio public. Even while in the public schools in Chicago and later as a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he was a student—one who had decided to make his own way in the world. The ink was scarcely dry upon his diploma when he was put in charge of the national advertising and production of the Congress Cigar Company. While looking about for the latest and best media for exploitation, he had thoroughly investigated almost every angle of the advertising field. When he began using radio—then an experiment—he had an idea and that vision crystallized into action. In less time than it takes some people to decide what to have for dinner he procured a large interest in the Columbia company in its early struggling days, of which he later sold fractions thereof, for much more than his original purchase price, demonstrating that he was first of all a good business man—and had faith in Radio.

Giving up an assured future and generous remuneration with the Tobacco company, he burned the bridges and made his way to the realm of "on the air" and soon determined to make that one of his great life undertakings. A student of Economics and of people, he began building policies and programs for his broadcasting company that impressed the widespread public reached by radio. Here he found his early training of distinct advantage; for he began broadcasting public events on a most elaborate scale, including presidential inaugurations, the trip of the Graf Zeppelin, which carried an exclusive Columbia Broadcasting correspondent, World Series and football games. When the President utilized his System for a remarkable speech from Washington, Mr. Paley's modest introduction was characteristic of the man who had more than carried out all the promises he had made to radio fans.

He trebled the time on weekly programs and the Columbia banner now has the world's largest regular network of fifty-three stations, reaching far beyond the borders of the United States; which includes stations in Canada where programs originate for broadcasting in the States.

Modest in his bearing, Mr. Paley is a dynamic force in quickly discerning the im-

portant essentials in any proposition that concerns his responsibilities. Keeping in close touch with the pulse of the people he has a laudable ambition of having a network of stations eventually that will girdle the globe itself and make his native tongue familiar to all the races of man.

In his office on Madison Avenue, New York, he directs work in a few hours with



William S. Paley, President Columbia Broadcasting Company

a pencil or pen or dictated note, that reaches out to millions before the day passes. He considers radio the greatest factor in developing a real democracy that has ever appeared in the activities of mankind.

An interview with William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting system by Vincent M. Rabuffo revealed an impressive conclusion concerning Radio.

"An industrial infant, only a step beyond its nursing days, yet already regarded as the greatest single influence in our national life." With these descriptive words does William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting system cover the phenomenal growth of radio in the comparatively short span of its existence.

"How far will this tremendous development go? Will radio ultimately eliminate other entertainment media in which industry has invested millions?"

For this question Mr. Paley has an em-

phatic "No!" No one realizes with greater appreciation than the head of the extensive network assembled under the Columbia standard, that each of the fields of entertainment now catering to the public's needs, is dependent upon the other, if it would advance at a rate in proportion to the others.

"But why, then, the constantly recurring qualms about radio's position in relation to the rest of the world of entertainment?"

"It is easy to conceive the basis of these qualms. The tremendous progress that has been achieved by radio and the tenacity with which it has gripped the public taste for entertainment would disturb the master minds of any industry had a similar development occurred with a competing force in their own fields," explained Mr. Paley.

A glance at a few figures he offers, substantiates this opinion.

Radio industry investment already has passed the billion dollar stage. Radio's daily audience is estimated at sixty-two and one-half millions.

The gross turnover of radio manufactures for 1929 will be one-quarter of a billion dollars.

Radio is the most intimate factor in the entertainment industry. Its influence, socially, educationally, politically and commercially is intimate and profound.

Yet radio is still inextricably interwoven with all other fields of entertainment, according to Mr. Paley. The theatre must utilize radio if it is to reach the greatest possible audience. Radio must draw from the theatre and the concert stage if it is to avail itself of the finest talent.

The motion picture industry is alert to the fact that radio's technicians and talent must be interchanged. Several of the largest film organizations have recently engaged more-or-less in radio. Paramount has joined forces with the Columbia Broadcasting System, whose associated stations, extending from coast to coast, cover the entire United States with "chain" programs.

The link of the Columbia Broadcasting System with Paramount and its subsidiary, the Publix Theatre Corporation, places them in a strategic position in the entertainment world.

Any new developments in the screen, stage and radio fields, can be adapted to the fullest measure to all three.

Just what proportion of its full growth has radio already achieved one is prompted to ask in view of the startling figures presented by Mr. Paley.

Just a bare percentage, evidently. "Radio today," he says, "has scarcely penetrated the ether that lies above the surface of mother earth."

U. S. Senator Cutting Against Censorship

*Outspoken position of the United States Senator from New Mexico on the question of censorship—
Discussion of the subject from a senatorial viewpoint in reference to the
constitutional limitations*

By A. MARIS BOGGS

"MY objection to censorship is so fundamental that I would find it hard to accept any provision which would deny the right of free entry to discussion of matters of political opinion. The word treason is even more vague than the word obscene." The junior Senator from New Mexico startled the tariff worn, lobby harassed senators, wrangling in the Special Session over what shall and what shall not be written in the pending tariff bill. An amendment to that bill proposed to exclude from entry into the United States obscene literature or printed matter "urging treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to the laws of the United States, or threats to do bodily harm to any citizen." To one man in the Customs Bureau, was to be left the decision what constitutes obscenity and what is treason, insurrection or a threat against the life or body of an American citizen. Medical books necessary for the proper training of doctors fell equally under the ban. "739 books are on the black list of the Customs Bureau forbidden entry into the United States lest they corrupt the morals of the youth of the land, yet probably every Senator has some of them on his shelves and one can go to almost any book store and buy them."

Old members of the Senate hitched their chairs about to face the brilliant young scholar from New Mexico, who had risen to fight, not in behalf of obscene literature, not in behalf of radical or immature untried political suggestions and theories but against the fundamental evil of bureaucratic censorship by government clerks over the thoughts, beliefs and acts of the American people. The Democrats left the seclusion of the minority side of the Chamber and crowded around, the better to hear an argument that scarce permitted debate in the soundness of its purely American principles of freedom of thought, speech and act, within the bounds of reason and sober judgment. "The plays of Shakespeare were banned from the stage within a quarter of a century after his death as the most striking example of immorality which could be put before the people of England. . . . The men whom we now revere as the great men of the past have usually been men who in their own time have been regarded as agitators, as heretics, as corruptors of the morals of the youth, like Socrates or blasphemers like the Founder of the Christian religion. . . . In consideration of a public policy it would be a very self sufficient man who could stand up and say 'This train of thought is right and the other wrong!' The only policy we can accept is that the American people can be trusted to take care of

their own moral and spiritual welfare; that no bureaucratic guardian is competent to decide for them what they shall and shall not read. . . . A doctrine of censorship has nothing to do with a democracy. A democracy if it means anything must be founded on the fundamental proposition that its citizens have a right to hear both sides."

Bronson Murray Cutting of Santa Fe, New Mexico is pre-eminently the scholar

of the Senate. Typically Harvardian he quotes aptly from memory his classics, modern European and American literature with equal facility. He was born on Long Island, trained in the cultured schools of the east; he readily made the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard. Bronson Cutting is more than a scholar. He is a man of action, of keen political judgment. The lure of expansion, the freedom of far vision drew him to New Mexico that attained its majority

and Statehood the very month he was graduated from Harvard. State and youth began their manhood together. Sensing the political possibilities of the news recorder and news maker, Cutting became a publisher in 1912. His paper the Santa Fe New Mexican grew in influence and circulation until it became desirable and necessary to have a Spanish edition. In that same year, 1912, although only 24 years old he had become a power in the politics of the new State and was named treasurer of the Central Progressive Committee and by 1916, its chairman. The war brought its duties, first as a commanding captain, later as Assistant Military Attaché of the American Embassy in London and his distinguished services earned for him the British Military Cross.

The pure fresh high air of New Mexico inspired in this eastern lad a distaste, a disgust for oppression. Heart and soul he

threw himself into the task of fathering and furthering clean politics. Political corruption aroused all his highly trained executive ability, his keen clear cut reasoning. Caring nothing for personal danger or personal advantage he has fought graft and corruption until he has become one of the most influential political leaders of New Mexico. In recognition of his services he was appointed by the Governor to fill the unexpired term of the late Andrius Jones.



Hon. Bronson Cutting
U. S. Senator from New Mexico

Standing later on his own merits, he received the largest political majority ever given a senatorial candidate from his State and began serving his six year term with the opening of the Special Session, March 4th, 1929. In the few months Congress has been in session, Cutting has twice made history. When President Hoover sought through the oil conference in Colorado to limit the output of oil and the sessions of the conference were at the actual

point of accomplishing his desire, Senator Cutting on the floor of the Senate of the United States denounced the conference methods so vigorously, vehemently and convincingly that the Colorado conference was forced to change its plans, to prolong and defer its action to a future debate.

Cutting the man, is powerful physically and mentally. Six feet in height, his broad heavy shoulders mark the athlete, the outdoor man who likes to go hunting in old Mexico. His interests are as broad as his vision. Archeology, anthropology, penology, sports and music interest him equally.

Keen of wit, ironic, whimsical of smile, inspiring in his friends an unshakable devotion and loyalty, and in his opponents respect, perhaps apprehension, for his patent sincerity and ability, progressive in ideas and actions, this young New Mexican heeds as little the hypocritical blue nose who would bar classic literature lest it corrupt

some immature mind as the powerful conservatism of precedent. In a recent address before the American Legion in his State he remarked that what the American Government needed is a debunking of bureaucracy.

"We all know in our daily experience here that this Government in its practical

the United States as the lobbies of private and local interests. With censorship as his level, a subject from which most Senators shied lest they be branded as seekers of the erotic and the filth of the sewers of life, Senator Cutting has opened again to the American public its inalienable right to read what it chooses. "The road to en-

getting to be a meddlesome nation, meddling into everybody's business, spying, looking into the private things of life. Now we are going to extend this power," said the Senator from Missouri, Mr. Hawes." It is a great extension of the power of bureaucracy. We are continuously giving some Department the right to



** Ruins of the old civilization in New Mexico*



Scenes in the state from which Senator Cutting hails

working is being run not by the Congress of the United States, not by the Cabinet, not even by the President, but by a vast system of petty clerks, each one creating a precedent, each one making a ruling which in the future will influence the action of the other persons in the same Department. These rulings finally become promoted to the Departmental policies which

lightment is not a Federal highway. It cannot be surveyed in advance. . . . Each man who travels the road must find the way for himself. . . . There has never been a nation on earth which had so wide-spread and far-reaching a system of universal education as the United States with its public schools, its colleges, universities and its libraries and night schools and correspond-

write regulations. Those regulations become laws so there has grown up a new body of law going into the intimate things of business and private life not written by Congress but by some clerk in some Department. . . . I believe the Senator from New Mexico has performed a fine public service in attracting the attention of this extension of power."



A familiar scene on the plains of the Southwest



The Butte and Mountains of Fair New Mexico

thereafter balk the consideration and passage of bills which the two Houses of Congress may propose. When such bills are sent to a Department we get an adverse report, signed by the Secretary of the Department which may be involved, but actually written by some subordinate who has made a speciality of the matter involved. The recommendation comes to us with the name of the Secretary of the Department on it and in the average case his prohibition, if it be a prohibition, is final. It prevents that particular bill from even getting out of the committee to which it has been referred." The government clerk lobby is as much a menace to the people of

ence schools. Is our whole educational system such a feeble thing that it cannot offset an occasional bad book from abroad? Is the foundation of the American Government so feeble that it cannot withstand subversive opinions of a few foreign theorists?"

* * *

The Cutting amendment passed. The American public may read as it chooses, if the House of Representatives accepts it. Of itself that fact is interesting. The real contribution of Senator Cutting has been the calling attention to the clerk made laws and regulations that control the actions of the citizens of the United States. "We are

Bronson Cutting, serious of mind and serious of purpose, with the poise of education and culture, endowed with an extraordinarily keen balanced judgment and a faculty of seeing fully and instantly the intent purpose and probable outcome of a proposal or action has arrested the attention of statesmen and thinkers. Here is a man whose future will be watched with keen interest. The clear invigorating air of New Mexico may yet blow away the cobwebs that enshroud our Government. The youthful "gentleman from New Mexico" has brought to the whole nation the breath of freedom, self limited by reason. He has a passion for liberty in expression.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

WALTER J. KOHLER

The Governor of Wisconsin finds in the Lines of Eugene Field a real Heart Throb

When Walter J. Kohler stepped from the ranks of an active and aggressive manufacturer to the governor's chair in Wisconsin, it was felt that a practical and successful administration of public affairs was at hand.

Born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, in 1875, Walter Kohler began his career in a factory established by his father, with the purpose of winning customers and making friends. Not a day passed but a new friend or customer was added to his list. He established the town of Kohler and began taking an active interest in civic affairs.

When the call came for him to run for Governor, he responded and was elected. Despite the long sessions of the legislature, reaching into September, and the attacks made upon him, he insists on putting Wisconsin back on the map so that people won't "just laugh" when Wisconsin is mentioned. He is enthusiastic concerning the glories of his native state.

In his office at the Capitol in Madison he stopped his work long enough to give the direct and concrete information that his favorite poem was by Eugene Field, the poet of children:

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy
Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

* * *

Governor Kohler grew up in the manufacture of plumbing supplies which his father had established. In the little town of Kohler, named after his family, is located the largest concern of its kind in the world, built up by a man of medium height, smooth face, a forceful and practical speaker who is now greeted by the people of the Badger State, whose votes declared him a first-class citizen and leader who knew how to direct affairs. He has merited high honors in energetic and unselfish service, and yet has had time to think of children and one of childhood's favorite poems while engrossed in his work on a hot summer day.

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* * *

DOROTHY STONE

The Talented Daughter of Fred Stone has a Heart Thrill in Dorothy Stickney's Verse

Volumes could not express more adequately, the love of her art and all the shades of emotion known to the popular star in "make-believe," than does the favorite poem given me by Dorothy Stone, the daughter of the world-famous and beloved actor, Fred Stone.

MY DRESSING ROOM

By Dorothy Stickney
I love my little dressing room, it smells of
grease paint and perfume;
It gives two glad hours reprieve from my dull
self, with make-believe.
It knows my joys, it knows my tears, it knows
how brief are actors' years,
A room of rainbow-hued illusion, a shabby room
of gay confusion.

A negligé upon a chair, a costume here, a slipper
there,
Telegrams for a mirror border, a make-up
shelf of bright disorder,
Here, while I hum the latest ditty, I watch
myself become pretty;
A dab of that, a pat of this, dark eyes, pink
cheeks, red lips to kiss.
What do I care that art achieves it? Perhaps
the audience believes it.
I don my costume, thing of grace (pink rose-
buds spilled on frosted lace);
Glance in the mirror to assure—the thrill at
call of "Overture,"
Each night is an adventure new, I wait a tip-
toe for my cue.

The make-up off and now I see from out my
mirror, look at me,
A rather worn and wistful face where years
will soon have left their trace;
And when the play is over, then, I'm in my
dressing room again,
I get my hat, turn out the light, and bid my
dressing room good-night.

One who is imbued with the fol-de-rol spirit of happy nonsense, will appreciate just such a word-picture and Dorothy Stone has followed her talented father in making a fine art. She resembles him somewhat with her deep, understanding eyes and sen-

sitive, refined mouth. One feels that her childhood must have been happy for her father has always been the Peter Pan of the musical stage and keeps the gayety of youth. Another heritage from him is that conviction that stage art must be clean.

Colorado is the birth state of the family and, at the age of eleven, Fred Stone began his career with the Sells-Renfrew circus, but after the famous "Montgomery and Stone" combination, vaudeville naturally followed and then musical comedy, with a trio of the actor, Dorothy and Allene Stone. And so Dorothy Stone literally grew up in the make-believe world. Many successes have come to the trio and to Dorothy, individually, especially in her latest work with Will Rogers in her father's role. But the play, "Stepping Stones," which is so descriptive of the performance, is perhaps the most popular of the musical sketches in which Dorothy has appeared.

The family is now at North Forest Hills, Long Island.

* * *

MARTIN L. DAVEY

The Popular Congressman and Tree Expert of Ohio says his Heart Throb is Revealed in Thanatopsis

From early childhood associated with his father Martin L. Davey has been interested in trees. To him they have become a symbol of the philosophy of life. After talking with him, I realized as never before the value of trees and appreciated what his work represents in the saving of trees. The lines of Joyce Kilmer come to me—"Only God can make a tree"—only to be paraphrased "Davey can save the trees." When we realize that life depends upon leaves and vegetation and that they are the only connection between organic and inorganic life, then we begin to understand how vital are the essentials of vegetation. The value of top soil removed in the devastation of forests proves startling when we realize that it takes ten thousand years in Nature's process through falling leaves to make an inch of this priceless factor in the growth of trees and vegetation.

"Naturally the poem of Thanatopsis appeals to me as a revealing enduring inspiration," said Mr. Davey. "It indicates that some of our most profound thoughts on the wonders of Nature come to us in early youth when we are close to the more natural activities of Nature and even human nature. William Cullen Bryant was only nineteen when he wrote the matchless lines that stir the depths of the soul":

To him, who in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

With the same facility that he made
speeches in his famous campaign as the
Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio,
he repeated the lines of Bryant's classic.
He ran a half million ahead of his ticket
and visited every section of his native state
and was more than ever impressed with the
necessity of conserving some of the God-
given forests and natural beauties of his
beloved Ohio. He was born in Kent, Ohio,
and was the son of a newspaper editor who
virtually founded an industry and profes-
sion in the saving of trees that has become
country-wide in its scope.

COLLEEN MOORE

*The Screen Star goes to Edna St. Vincent
Millay for her favorite poem*

While a little tot in Port Huron, Mich.,
where she was born, Colleen Moore was
given to imitation and to make-believe, and
the desire to "play a part" never left her
during her days in a convent in Tampa,
Florida, or while studying music in the
Detroit Conservatory. More or less in
secret she practiced little arts which she
hoped would aid her in the work she was
determined to do. She practiced looking
fixedly at a common-place object until tears
came—for she knew that to control these
lachrymal glands was a necessity.

Unlike many others she did not have to
endure family restraint for when her de-
sires and tendencies became more definite,
a good-natured uncle secured a hearing for
her with the old Essany Company in Chi-
cago. Later a grandmother accompanied
her to Hollywood. There were the usual
years of discouragement—the playing of
"extras" before that well-remembered suc-
cess "Flaming Youth."

In one particular and painstaking way,
Colleen Moore (who became Mrs. John Mac-
Cormick when she married her director)
took her upward steps. Early, she learned
to sustain her characterization throughout
a long play. What she did at the end of
the story was logical with the beginning.

"In many ways," said the young actress,
"a hobby is quite as interesting as a
career." And her hobby proves her still
a child at heart—unspoiled by success. She
has a remarkable collection of dolls and
she has had built a very sumptuous doll
house with an equipment that is world
famous. It is built of French stucco with
stone trimmings and has a small patio.

Lighted with resplendent chandeliers and
furnished with a perfect attention to detail,
the cost is quite as much and indeed it
might serve as a model of a real home.

The more recent plays in which the
popular star has been featured are "Her
Wild Oat," "Irene," "So Big," "Little
Orphan Annie" and "Cinders."

Everyone knows the kind heart of Colleen
Moore and it is probably her sympathetic
tenderness for children that makes her ad-
mire as her favorite poem, "The Harp
Weaver" by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The poem was written while the author
was abroad after the World War and when
distress had come to so many mothers and
children.

"Son," said my mother when I was knee high
You've need of clothes to cover you
And not a rag have I.
There's nothing in the house to make a boy
breeches,
Nor shears to cut a cloth with nor thread to
take stitches.
There's nothing in the house but a loaf-end of
rye
And a harp with a woman's head nobody will
buy."
And she began to cry.

"Son," my mother said, "come climb on my
lap
And I'll chafe your little bones while you take
a nap.
And oh, but we were silly for half an hour or
more
Me with my long legs dragging the floor.
And there I was a great boy and what would
folks say
To hear my mother singing me to sleep all day
In such a daft way.
The night before Christmas I cried with the
cold
I cried myself to sleep like a two year old.
And in the dead of night I felt my mother rise
And stare down upon me with love in her eyes.
I saw my mother sitting on the one good chair
A light falling on her from I couldn't tell
where;
Looking nineteen and not a day older
And the harp with a woman's head leaned
against her shoulder.

Her thin fingers moving in the tall thin strings
Were weav-weav-weaving wonderful things.
She sang as she worked and the harp strings
spoke
Her voice never faltered and the strings never
broke,
And when I woke
There sat my mother with her harp on her
shoulder
Looking nineteen and not a day older,—
A smile on her lips and a light about her
head
And her hands in the harp strings—frozen
dead.

And piled up beside her and toppling to the
skies
Were the clothes of a King's son just my size.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

*The veteran New York publisher finds
Gray's "Elegy" his favorite poem and
possesses a copy reproduced from the
Author's beautiful script of the poem*

A veteran of the Civil War who served
as a private and earned promotion to the
rank of Major, who spent some time in
Libby and Danville prison, George Haven
Putnam began his life career with the rig-

orous service in the field. After the war he
joined the publishing business of G. P.
Putnam's Sons, established by his father.
He organized the American Copyright
League in 1887 and was the secretary dur-
ing the contest for the Copyright Bill.

Decorated with the Legion of Honor by
France and Founder of the English-Speak-
ing League in the United States, George
Haven Putnam lives on in the full and well-
earned honors of a busy and eventful life.
He has been an author as well as a publisher
and has written a number of books, includ-
ing one on Abraham Lincoln. He has also
prepared a biography of his father and
contributed three "Memories" books that
are counted as invaluable works of refer-
ence. These cover the periods of his youth,
experiences as a publisher and the Civil
War.

In his office covered with interesting
photographs and pictures, including a rare
portrait of Lincoln, Mr. Putnam discussed
Gray's "Elegy" as the short poem that had
appealed to him the most.

"I still know it by heart," he continued.
I have been, often, a guest in Gray's college,
Pembroke, Cambridge, England, and I am a
possessor of a copy of the "Elegy," printed
in facsimile of the author's beautiful
script."

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-trees'
shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring
heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The author whom I admire most among
the writers of light or humorous literature,
is Calverly, who was first of Oxford and
later of Cambridge, and next to Calverly, I
should place our Yankee author, Holmes.

"The best piece of prose English of which
I have knowledge, at least as far as English
and American literature is concerned, is
the Gettysburg address by Abraham Lin-
coln. With these I should associate Lin-
coln's first Inaugural and his second
Inaugural.

"For clearness of analysis, fairness of
statement and wisdom of conclusion, I
should place first in order of all the speeches
of which I have knowledge, the famous
Cooper-Union Address given by Lincoln on
the 27th of February, 1860. I was on the
platform and listened with interest to Lin-
coln's talk, and I realized that I was listen-
ing to a man who, while he might be called
a political leader, had a different idea of
politics from any other political speaker
that I have ever heard."

"Our Jim"—A Biography

Some new chapters concerning the stirring adventuresome early career of Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of three Presidents—Harding, Coolidge and Hoover

From the book "Our Jim" by Joe Mitchell Chapple

SELDOM have I made a pilgrimage that has left more tender memories than my first journey to Moosehaven, located a few miles from Jacksonville, Florida, on the St. John's River, which was chosen after a thorough inspection of many other locations that were offered to the Board. It is just across the river from the old winter home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a sister of the great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher. There was something restful and serene in that scene that greeted my eyes when I met groups of Brother Moose and their wives at Moosehaven, in the evening after their day's activities, for it must be remembered that it is a busy life at Moosehaven, where elderly men are given an opportunity of pursuing fitting vocations and helping to beautify and build up their own fraternal home in the gathering years of age.

There was a lapse of only five years between the founding of Mooseheart and that remarkable tribute paid by Theodore Roosevelt, himself a life member of the Moose, at the Pittsburg Convention. The words remain an inspiration; one sentence, almost a classic, will ever be preserved in the archives of the Moose; it was his reference to the plans for Moosehaven: "We run with the torches until we fall, content that we can pass them on to the hands of other runners, and work, play, fight and worship to the last."

* * *

Originally, Moosehaven service was rendered at Mooseheart—but because the managers knew that it would be better for the aged to have the benefit of the balmy Florida climate, they instituted Moosehaven there.

Sometimes I wonder if elderly people realize what a direct concrete influence they have upon the stirring activities of all the times they live, although they may feel that they have retired to the shadows of old age. What they did and what they have learned lives on in influencing the life of others.

What an inspiration it was when "Jim" Davis consistently and persistently conceived the idea of Moosehaven as a "City of Opportunity" for the aged. It was a logical sequence to the Mooseheart ideal, which he insisted would have been entirely incomplete without a consideration of those

and Moose Help which "Jim" Davis ascribes as the product of many minds, a monument to Moose endeavor is being builded.

Founded in 1922, Moosehaven was a realization of the effort to complete the cycle of life in helping those who needed help. There were about twenty men at Moose-



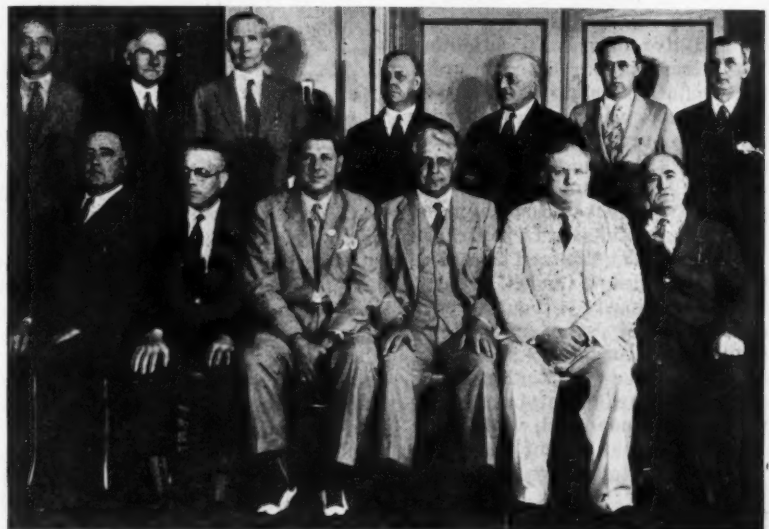
Christmas Carols, sung by the Mooseheart Chorus, broadcast over WJJD with a thought of the Veterans at Moosehaven

who deserve, not alone financial help, but an opportunity to do something and continue on living their lives in the real sense of the word.

With the trio of Mooseheart, Moosehaven

haven when I first visited this beautiful port of humanity, that has proven a veritable haven indeed for many worthy men.

An appropriation was made which was intended to be expended in constructing



A convention photo of some of the Supreme Lodge Officers who established a haven for aged and helpless members at Moosehaven

dormitory homes for the aged at Mooseheart. Later their thoughts turned southward. When "Jim" Davis and the Supreme Council arrived in Orange Park, Florida, and discovered a fine old mansion, far away from the chill winds of fall, winter and spring, located in a climate where men could work outdoors nearly every day in the year, they settled the question at once.

It was while the Council were on this in-

of scrapping humanity as you would old methods and old machinery. It cannot be conceived that a human being could ever become obsolete when he can continue to do something useful. The inefficient social and industrial system of retiring workers at the age of fifty without regard to efficiency and considering men and women worn out at that age, has been successfully combatted by the results at Moosehaven.

The circle of humanitarianism by the Brotherhood of Moose was completed in twenty-one years under the direction of Jim Davis. From the sunrise of babyhood to the sunset of old age, the Moose have exemplified the highest ideals of mercy and hopefulness, helping to parry the cruel blows of circumstances and keep ever intact as far as possible the halo of the home. While it represents philanthropy at its best, it has been no simple matter in bringing it to the point of achievement.

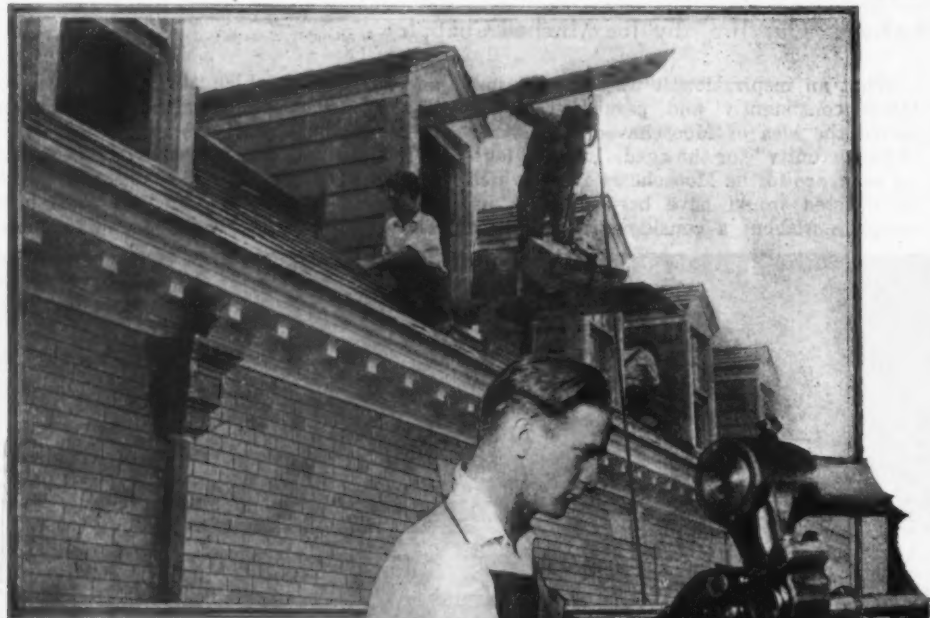
There was an exemplification of comradeship and companionship at Moosehaven that transcends mere physical effort. The barber who could not continue his work at the chair, but remembering the days of his youth, he took a hammer and saw and was building a model chicken house. Men were laying walks, planting trees, and no feudal lord ever took more pride in looking about his estates than these elderly men in searching out what they could do toward meeting the needs and necessities and beautifying what might be their last home on earth. In all the activities at Moosehaven there was something of that loving touch that I can never forget. Here was the old tree and vine and every plant and every field, every barn and the wonderful artesian well which supplies most of the water for Orange Park, were all evidence of "work that was done for the joy of doing." The old dentist was able to make his examinations and advise, even if he could not extract the teeth.

What a wonderful wealth of reminiscence flowed in the fireside gatherings on cool nights and on the porches in summer.

At night as the Clyde Line boat passes the pier, the captain salutes Moosehaven, for was not his old chum and messmate Tom, on the pier, living there in the luxury of the unselfish helpfulness, man to man, that inspired new life and recalled the scenes of Snug Harbor?

One night Tom was missing at the pier and did not return the captain's salute with a wave of his hand. He had passed on to a brighter port, but to this day the boat still continues its salute to Moose-

haven, in memory of the old shipmate. It is more than all that; it is a tribute to the work that has been done by Jim Davis and his associates in providing a haven big enough and broad enough to care for and honor the gray hairs and furrowed brows of those who are heroically and manfully carrying on the last voyage of their lives in the serene shadows of Moosehaven. The children of Mooseheart never forget the dear ones in the Florida home haven.



Students employed on jobs

spection tour that Warren G. Harding, President-elect of the United States, called "Jim" Davis to Marion, and urged him to accept the portfolio of Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet he was then organizing.

The original purchase included a hotel which was one of the first winter resorts in Florida. General Ulysses S. Grant, while President of the United States, was one of the first guests to register at this hotel. The building was capable of housing about one hundred people, and was surrounded by spacious grounds, with a forest of moss-covered live oaks. An adjoining farm of forty acres was purchased in order to grow the produce necessary for Moosehaven. Later on, nine acres of ground with six buildings were purchased, one of which, located on Kingsley Avenue, was converted into a hospital. This avenue is lined with magnificent old trees, covered with moss, one of the most beautiful streets in Orange Park. The property was obtained at a price which enabled the Supreme Council to carry out the plans expeditiously without a heavy initial expenditure. Moosehaven is in no sense a hospital for incurables, and does not accept patients who need constant nursing. It was not felt to be right or permissible that people beyond human aid, with but a short time to live, should be sent there. The supreme purpose was to salvage the golden glow days of the life of human beings, and combat that growing and prevailing notion

Students working on jobs assigned to them

As "Jim" Davis has remarked: "We believe a man can go on as long as he has the spirit to go on." There is always some sort of work he can do, and at Moosehaven we are striving to find that work. Our method is to place elderly people on a basis of self-support, usefulness and happiness, and, above all, self-respect."

Moosehaven is now caring for over two hundred brother Moose and their wives and has demonstrated that it is a real home. In the words of Judge Donges—Moosehaven is not a place to loaf, to linger and to die—but an opportunity to live, to labor and to love.



Face to Face with Presidents

Complete Script of the Popular Talks on Sunday Evenings between six and seven for National Broadcasting Company and Associated Stations from New York

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

(Chorus—"We're Coming, Father Benjamin")

YOUR pilgrim of the air heard this paraphrase of "We're Coming, Father Abraham" sung during the early days of the Harrison administration. Railroad stations and the streets of Washington were thronged with hungry Republican office seekers, arriving with a lively anticipation of four fat years to come. Democrats after a long weary wait for an office and others with their official heads already decapitated were departing to their homes to the strains of "We're going back to Dixie."

Newspapers were replete with comments on "Grandfather's Hat." The cool and indifferent manner in which the new president received individual callers appalled some Republican political leaders, who fairly squirmed when they heard the taunting refrain: "Where did you get that hat?"

(Song—"Where Did You Get That Hat?")

As in the case of Garfield—Benjamin Harrison owed his nomination largely to the Republican premier, James G. Blaine, the plumed knight, who had laconically cabled from Scotland to the Republican leaders at the Chicago Convention the succinct order "Take Harrison."

Soon after his inauguration, President Harrison resented Blaine's assumption of old-time political power and refused to appoint Blaine's son-in-law, Colonel Coppinger, Brigadier-General over the heads of the colonels in the regular army.

This aroused Mrs. Blaine, who told the President directly what she thought of his action, and again reminded him emphatically that he was president because of Blaine's refusal to take the nomination in 1888.

Here began another rift in the Republican party lute.

In my first face to face interview with Benjamin Harrison, he seemed disappointingly small in stature, delicate in features, with pallid complexion, broad iron-gray beard and big blue eyes associated with a little round rotund body that suggested pictures of Puck. He had little to say to us newspaper men, and amused himself by tapping absent-mindedly on the table when addressed. This was the man whom I had seen sway an audience of ten thousand people in a masterful speech sparkling with lucid and terse sentences, but he seemed to win few enthusiastic friends on first sight, alone and single-handed. Conversing in a rather high-pitched voice, he never seemed at that time to see the visitors while talking, although he might be gazing directly

at them. In public speaking his favorite gesture was the uplifted right hand, rising on his toes as if to extend his height, sending out his well-rounded sentences like a clarion bugle call.

We made our exist noiselessly as if walking on eggs, feeling that we had met a personality that lived far apart from the "madding throng" but one whose character and pre-eminent ability remained unchallenged.

The direct descendant of a Signer of the Declaration of Independence and the grandson of President William Henry Harrison, he had often been charged with being a political blue-blood, an F.F.V., "First Family of Virginia," although his whole career refuted that impression. He was born in his grandfather's house at North Bend, Ohio in 1833. His father was poor and Benjamin Harrison knew real struggles in early youth. Educated at home by his mother in early years, she inspired him to seek first of all an education. Missing the contacts of comradeship in public schools may account for his lifelong diffidence in meeting people. He attended Marshall College in Pennsylvania and was a classmate at Farmer's College of Murat Halstead, later the famous Cincinnati editor.

At the age of seven he was present at a demonstration celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Tippecanoe in 1840, when his grandfather was the Whig candidate for President in the famous Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign, with the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too."

At this celebration, the boy Benjamin Harrison, mature beyond his years, was lifted upon a stump, as the crowds shouted "Now for a speech." "He's a chip of the old block." The lad responded with boyish independence, "I want it understood that I am the grandson of nobody, for I believe every boy must stand in his own shoes." Old politicians nodded their heads approvingly.

Strikingly prophetic is the fact that the last battle fought with the Indians when Sitting Bull was captured establishing enduring peace with the Red Man, occurred when this lad, Benjamin Harrison, grandson of the hero of Tippecanoe, was president of the United States.

The first great cloud in the life of Benjamin Harrison came, when as a sturdy hopeful lad of fourteen, the beloved mother was taken from the old home to her eternal resting place in the little cemetery on the hillside. All through his life Benjamin Harrison referred to this sorrow as one from which he could never recover, often saying "There can be only one Mother."

While attending college at Oxford, Ohio,

following his mother's admonitions to secure an education, he called often at the home of Professor Scott, with interest focussed on Caroline Scott, the professor's daughter. The welcome in this home suggested the idea of his becoming a college professor. He wooed and won the daughter. The young bride changed the course of his career and urged him to study law, and he continued a law student for a year after their marriage. Before he was admitted to the bar, the young couple began housekeeping in a little cottage in Indianapolis, while the hard-working young law student was earning money as a "town crier." Later he became clerk of the Supreme Court which brought him in personal contact with leading lawyers and supplemented the slender revenue of an aspiring attorney. During the Civil War he enlisted as a volunteer and made a brilliant military record as an officer with Sherman. Returning to Indianapolis he became interested in politics, but did not start as Alderman—for Aldermen do not count in the Hoosier State as they do in Massachusetts, and was elected to the State Senate, eventually political boss of the Hoosier State and was United States Senator.

After one term, he was defeated, little dreaming as he left Washington an ex-senator that a future turn of the wheel of political fortune would lead him to the White House.

The opening words of Harrison's Inaugural Address made a profound impression, reflecting a sentiment reiterated by the last inaugural address heard at Washington in March 1929.

"Surely I do not misinterpret the spirit of the occasion when I assume that the whole body of the people covenant with me and with each other today to support and defend the Constitution of the union of the States, to yield willing obedience to all the laws and each to every other citizen his equal civil and political rights."

The original Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote concerning the Philadelphia constitution in October, 1787:

"I cannot divest myself of the opinion that the seeds of civil discord are plentifully sown in very many of the powers given, both to the President and to Congress, and that if the Constitution is carried into effect the states south of the Potomac will be little more than appendages to those of the northward of it."

These words were an unerring prophecy of the great Civil War in which his great-grandson Benjamin Harrison participated. As President of the United States one

hundred years later, his descendant in the closing words of his Inaugural address, gave this answer in a picture of a Union strong and great:

"Each state will bring its generous contribution to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills, and the ores from the earth shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from them all to crown with the highest honor the state that has most promoted education, virtue, justice and patriotism among its people."

The Oklahoma boom broke loose with its brigades of "Sooners" on April 22, 1889, when the Indian lands were open for settlement and made many men and women wealthy with homesteads acquired free from Uncle Sam in this Promised Land of oil wells.

Soon after this I met President Harrison when he arrived in New York to take part in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, the first president of the United States, on that historic spot on Wall Street, April 30, 1789. Little old New York was ablaze with its own national historic importance that day. The president arrived on the yacht "Dispatch" and crossed the river to the foot of Wall Street, following in the wake of the George Washington barge one hundred years before. President Harrison passed over a pathway strewn with flowers by the children to City Hall, where Chauncey M. Depew delivered one of his famous full-blown peach orations under a scorching sun.

The parade on Fifth Avenue was witnessed by people who had come from hundreds of miles to see the president and the "sights of the city." The military and civil organizations, including the Seventh Regiment, and the Ancient and Honorable Distillery—I should say "Artillery" company of Boston, of which I am "militarily" the only private in the ranks, who marched proudly under the admiring gaze of the president, displaying a motley variety of uniforms ranging from continental days, on to the tall plumed hats of Tippecanoe times—to say nothing of the jaunty caps of the First Corps Cadets.

The appearance of the old Corps organized in 1638 must have encouraged President Harrison to make a visit to Boston where he was received in historic Faneuil Hall and attended a bicycle tournament when all the bicycles of the period were built one big wheel five feet in diameter with a little wheel trailing behind—a vehicle that is ever associated with Col. Albert A. Pope of Hartford, then the bicycle king of the period.

Harrison made many tours to distant cities and opened in person the new Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, while Adelina Patti sang "Home Sweet Home."

A strict church member and a stickler for Sabbath observance, Harrison would not begin a journey on Sunday. The train might be ready and waiting, but the President would not leave the White House until the clock struck the midnight hour, announcing the day of rest had passed.

On another pilgrimage to the White

House, I seemed to find a different Harrison. The responsibilities and worries of the work had evidently softened his diffidence, for he used the phrase, "Age mellows the apple," as he replied to my invitation to attend a Minstrel Show which we were giving to raise funds for our Young Men's Republican Club. Minstrel shows were considered a compromise between the theatre and the dance, and were not under the amusement ban of old time orthodox church members. They were in high favor and the appearance of a minstrel show in town approached the importance of a circus day.

We christened ourselves "The Ethiopian Satellites," and the boys were all ablaze when they heard that President Harrison was fond of Minstrel Shows.

Professor Jim Shearer, our popular school teacher, six foot two, with ponderous voice, was cast as interlocutor. He couldn't always see the point of a minstrel show interrogation—and that is why he was chosen.

The show was held on the old skating rink and the program began with a dashing overture, followed by the "Olio" for that was the way "Primrose and West" did it. We made out a program which we felt would surely call us to Broadway. Rehearsals were discouraging, because Foxy Anderson could not rattle the bones secured from the butcher's shop, insisting that "ribs of beef" were too much for him. This was recorded as subject for a joke, with prominent mention of Tony Pastor, Al Field and Harrigan and Hart "Tickling the ribs" of Broadway. We thought it was good. The dress rehearsal was tragic, Fatty Buckner forgot his lines, and Foxy lost his cue. Pussy Wasson couldn't bank the tambourine on elbow and hips after weeks of training, but the curtain must go up, for the house was sold out. Here they go!

(Orchestra—Overture—Minstrel Show)

After the jingle of the overture came the interlocutor's interrogations full speed. After a course of embalmed jokes, came the announcement: "The plantive ballad that has touched the hearts of the people, entitled 'Marguerite' will now be sung by the silver-voiced tenor, Signor Wheezy Whiflet."

(Tenor solo—"Marguerite")

Yes I was third end man, spike tail coat and tambourine with large flat bottom shoes. When I started to dance one of them left me and just missed Pop Winniger, the musical conductor who ran the Pop factory and played the flute. He was the father of Charles Winniger, the famous Cap'n Andy of "Show Boat" fame who as a boy of seven played the drum.

The banjo duet by the twins named Van Scoaic who were hailed with the greeting "Van Squoicke" announced with the guttural sound familiar to the home folks brought down the house. The banjo's weren't in tune, but what boot it? It made a stunning jangle prophetic of modern jazz, but the climax was "Dem Golden Slippers," with a real Hallelujah.

(Chorus—"Oh Dem Golden Slippers")

Czar Thomas Brackett Reed had already appeared on the stage with his scepter gavel counting quorums in the House of Repre-

sentatives, amid dramatic scenes, and an uproar associated with the passions of a lynching bee. When Reed was urged to get on the Harrison Band Wagon at the Convention in Chicago in 1888, he retorted: "You mean the ice wagon."

Reed later declared sarcastically in that high nasal drawl that he was in perfect accord with the Harrison administration.

"The president has given aid and assistance to the only two enemies I have in the world. One, a reptile in my home town, was given a federal job and the other he pardoned out of the penitentiary."

Clouds of labor unrest gathered when the Homestead Strike occurred. It occasioned a great deal of concern among the political leaders.

In the meantime the Hoosier State was put on the map at Washington, for Harrison was the first President hailing from Indiana and as a fellow citizen of the Hoosier State, General Lew Wallace, father of the Indiana school of literature, the author of Ben Hur, wrote a biography of Harrison for the campaign that reflected the "go" of his famed Chariot Race.

A war flurry on Wall Street was occasioned by President Harrison's message in February, 1892 when he emphatically informed the Republic of Chile just what was in the minds of the American people. The message was heartily approved by Democrats as well as Republican members of Congress, and it looked at the time as if hostilities were brewing.

A notable social event in the Harrison administration was the marriage of the daughter of James G. Blaine and our beloved Walter Damrosch of today, the son and successor of Dr. Leopold Damrosch who came to the United States and founded the Oratorio Society and the New York Symphony. In one of his first programs Dr. Damrosch played Schubert's symphony in C.

(Orchestra—"Schubert Symphony in C")

The popular comic opera of the day "Olivette," with Fay Templeton contained a topical song concerning the icy North Sea and the Whale, which some considered a satire on Harrison.

(Song—"Torpedo and the Whale")

Three men who later became presidents of the United States in direct succession first appeared in the spotlight during this period. William McKinley, defeated for speaker by Reed, became the author of the McKinley Bill, and consequently defeated Reed for the presidential nomination—Theodore Roosevelt, who then secured his first federal job, and William Howard Taft, also numbered among the Harrison appointees.

In the offing also appeared William Jennings Bryan, who made an address as congressman on the pop-gun tariff bill that attracted attention from the political prophets and led him on to the presidential nomination handicap for the three successive times that he was the Democratic candidate.

Sarah Bernhardt began making her popular farewell tours, and was then struggling with having a picture taken for publicity purposes using the mico-graphone, the forerunner of the modern microphone. The

"Divine Sarah" and other ladies of the time were wearing large blimp hats perched on the top-knot of hair anchored with hat pins that seemed ready to float off airily into space at the slightest puff of wind. The pictures may look funny to us today, but I wonder what future generations are going to think of the cubist modes of our time reflected in the effigies in shop windows indicating a female of the species that radio fans of the future may chuckle over, as we laugh at the styles of forty years ago, but the musing refrains of the comic opera "Billee Taylor" live on:

The White House walls rang with the laughter as well as the cries of three babies during the Harrison administration. Two were the boy and girl of Mrs. J. R. McKee, daughter of the president, and the third a baby daughter of his son, Russell Harrison. Grandfather Harrison enjoyed many hours with the children while the newspapers were filled with incidents and anecdotes concerning the collective and respective babies who figured conspicuously in White House gossip.

A few days ago I visited in Greenwich, Conn., with President Harrison's daughter, Mrs. J. R. McKee, the mother of baby McKee. She resembles her distinguished father and recalled many interesting incidents that refreshed my memory of the Harrison days in Washington.

She told when little Mary, her daughter, was late for breakfast. Grandfather Harrison told her she had three hands. She held out her two little hands to prove that he was wrong. "Yes, Mary, you have your right hand and your left hand and now you're behind hand. That makes three." Listen to the popular ballad "Baby Mine" later adopted by Illinois as a State song.

(Solo—"Baby Mine")

During the Harrison days the "Bloody Shirt" waved for the last time. Six new stars were added to the flag when South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming and Idaho were admitted as sovereign states. President Harrison sorely pestered by the demands for offices in the new states, termed it a time of "the free coinage of senators" using a phrase current in that period.

The outstanding events of the Harrison administration were the McKinley Tariff Bill; the Silver Act; which fairly submerged the famous Sherman Act, which was later so vigorously used in fighting trusts; the Dependent Pension Act; and the first Pan-American Congress, fulfilling the dream of Blaine.

Congress was in the saddle and assumed the power of leadership, while Harrison sat alone in the White House, holding the check rein of veto power. The first billion dollar congress appeared at this time with appropriations passing that staggering total. Speaker Reed replied to the critics, "This is a billion dollar country."

Again I met the President at the Grand Army Encampment in Boston in 1890. His headquarters were at the Hotel Vendome, where I served as an outside guard. The Grand Army of the Republic were then at the height of their power and in the prime of manhood.

The President rode down Commonwealth Avenue in a barouche with prancing horses with fine trappings, as cheer after cheer greeted him and his soldier comrades. Some of them encamped on historic Boston Common, where they sang the old army songs around the camp fire, in the gathering darkness.

(Chorus—"Tenting Tonight")

With stoical indifference to party leaders, President Harrison entered the campaign for re-election. His old time Indiana rival, Judge Walter Q. Gresham of Chicago, and many of his supporters in 1888 were bitterly opposed to his re-nomination. The Factional fight at the Republican Convention held in Minneapolis in 1892 sounded a death knell of defeat, as delegates and visitors let loose their passions in turbulent groups at the West Hotel. Blaine would not permit his name to be announced as a candidate, until shortly before the Convention, and the opposition to Harrison was all at sea.

William McKinley was permanent chairman and I was assistant sergeant-at-arms, barricaded with a big badge and a little wand of authority to prove that I was in charge of the water pitcher on the rostrum. Can I ever forget the bitter intensity of that evening session when William McKinley commanded the delegates sternly to cease voting for him as a compromise candidate. In his excitement he swallowed a piece of ice which stopped proceedings and the heavy-rapping gavel for a few seconds, but it did not chill the enthusiasm of the Ohio men, who had their eye on the presidential ball for the next big league political game in 1896.

The old guard still supporting Blaine proved valiant "Die Hards" but they finally realized the power of the administration in which the Force bill appeared. The old fighting party spirit was gone, and James G. Blaine suffered his final defeat that led to his retirement from public life.

In the campaign that followed I conducted meetings, sang in glee clubs, but soon realized that the tide was against Harrison. The increased rates of the McKinley bill, passed only a short time before election, alarmed women and householders. The campaign was Harrisonesque in a lack of enthusiasm. Republican speakers addressed empty chairs, while brass bands playing outside failed to rally the faithful.

Although the curtain fell on the Harrison administration March 4, 1893, there was an afterglow that will to me ever illumine the fame of a distinguished president. On the day that Mayor Carter Harrison of Chi-

cago (who was no relation) was assassinated, I went to Indianapolis to interview Benjamin Harrison in retirement. Arriving on a dreary Sunday evening, I made my way through showers of sodden leaves on the sidewalks to his home on Delaware Street. I found him most gracious and kind, for he smiled as he grasped my hand and gave approval of my request. On an easel between the folding doors was the portrait of the late Mrs. Harrison, adorned with a tiny American flag. A few days before his defeat for the presidency Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison passed away, leaving him in the shadows of loneliness to await the end of his political career.

On the floor were fur rugs which softened the sound of approaching footsteps. On a pedestal near the portrait was a peacock of gorgeous feathers, beautiful and triumphant as in life.

As a lawyer Benjamin Harrison was in love with his profession and had few equals at the bar. At the time he was nominated, he retired from the firm and, although far from wealthy, refused to practice or receive fees while a candidate. Mrs. McKee, the daughter, told me of how her mother in receiving congratulations from the grocer on her husband's nomination for the presidency grimly remarked with a keen sense of humor, "Now it is either the White House or the Poor House with us."

Benjamin Harrison was the original Four Minute Speaker, initiating the idea in his well-rounded, thoughtful and effective addresses delivered to visiting delegations in Indianapolis during the campaign. When he returned home to take up the practice of his beloved profession he was happy, a different man. He wrote an article for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* on the World's Fair at Chicago, and lived to see his administration fully vindicated by the people and his party returned to power.

All this recalled my last glimpse of Benjamin Harrison as president in Washington. As he passed the threshold of the White House for the last time, a group of grizzled Grand Army comrades of the Civil War was there to salute and grasp his hand, and bid him farewell, expressing love for their old commander that had a real heart warmth for Harrison in the chill of defeat. Deeply affected, he took his place in the carriage beside Grover Cleveland, his predecessor and successor, to whom he looked up and smiled, as the crowds hailed the new chief. A rousing chorus from a visiting glee club resounded under the trees of the White House grounds, amid the splashing of the fountain, as the music of the bands echoed down the Avenue. All this marked a note of triumph in the passing from public life of Benjamin Harrison, President, patriot, soldier and statesman of our United country—a Union strong and great.

(Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, preceded by band music in distance.)

A Vendetta of the Hills

A graphic story of California in which the romantic past is welded to more prosaic days in a stirring and exciting plot that harks back to the time of the wild and woolly West when wrong was liable not to be legally punished, but relentlessly avenged

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

"I KNOW it, Tia Teresa. Today my work only begins. Rest assured that it will be carried to the bitter finish. For this I have waited all through those long years. But I wanted to tell you of another matter—to warn you of a very serious complication. Dick Willoughby has been arrested for the slaying of Marshall Thurston."

The duenna sat bolt upright in shocked surprise.

"Oh, my! What will this mean?" she murmured.

"Terrible grief for my little girl—possibly much suffering for him until I choose to take the responsibility upon myself."

"You must not do that."

"No. Not yet, at all events. Or the victory will be his—my enemy's."

He mused again. She, too, remained silent. At last he broke the spell.

"But I have already devised measures for his safety. Now I must go upstairs. They have heard nothing yet?"

"Not a word."

"Then I must tell them of the mysterious shooting in the woods, and at the same time reassure Merle that her lover is in no real danger."

"And Mrs. Darlington?" asked Tia Teresa. "How much is she to know?"

"Nothing! The vendetta is for us Spaniards. It is ours and ours alone. No one knows of my vow but you and I. Let it remain so. *Adios*, my dear friend."

In the darkness he stooped and kissed her on both cheeks. For a moment she clung to him, but he gently liberated himself from her embrace. He moved forward toward the stairway, and Tia Teresa followed him cautiously up to the drawing room door, outside of which she remained. Knowing that she was there, he left the door ajar. The soft music was still playing, but suddenly ceased when Robles advanced into the apartment.

"My word, but this is an unexpected pleasure," exclaimed Merle, as she came from the piano with outstretched hands.

He took them both in his own, and bestowed on her a grave but kindly smile. He also nodded to Grace, who had dropped her book and risen in courteous greeting.

"But you look sad and serious," Merle went on, with quick intuition that his coming at this late hour meant something more than a mere neighborly visit.

"Something sad and serious has happened," he replied.

Mrs. Darlington had advanced from her lamp-lit table.

"What?" she enquired eagerly. "Somehow I had a sense of impending trouble all day long."

"Young Thurston of the rancho has met with an accident."

"Dead?" gasped Merle, her hands clasped against her bosom.

"Yes, dead, I am afraid. He was mysteriously shot this afternoon when riding through the pine woods."

Merle was stricken dumb. Grace glided to her side and listened in silent expectancy.

"Shot! By whom?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"That I cannot tell," gravely replied Robles. Then he smiled faintly. "But an amazingly stupid blunder has been made. By some combination of circumstances suspicion is being fastened on our dear friend Dick Willoughby."

"Dick!" exclaimed Merle. "Who dares to suggest such a thing?" she added indignantly.

"I infer that Mr. Thurston is his accuser," replied Robles.

"The two young men quarreled," murmured Mrs. Darlington, in a voice of deep agitation.

"Mother!" cried Merle reprovingly. "Even to think for one moment that Dick, whatever the provocation, could have done such a thing! He is absolutely innocent, Mr. Robles," she went on decisively, again turning to their visitor.

"Of course he is innocent—absolutely innocent. No one knows that better than myself." And he gave an enigmatic smile as he spoke the words of reassuring confidence.

"Where is Mr. Willoughby now?" queried Grace.

"He has been compelled to go to Bakersfield."

"To Bakersfield?" exclaimed Merle, half wonderingly.

"There to prove his innocence," replied Robles.

But Mrs. Darlington had probed the real significance of his words.

"You don't mean to say that they have—arrested him?"

Robles nodded gravely. "That's how the law acts. A man under suspicion must be taken into custody—he must be charged so that he can refute the shameful calumny."

Merle had dropped into a settee—white and speechless. Her lips trembled. Then she burst into a passion of weeping, burying her face against an arm flung across the upholstery.

Mrs. Darlington moved forward quickly to comfort the sobbing girl.

"Oh, don't take on like this, my dear child. The arrest was a mere formality. He will be immediately set at liberty."

Merle raised her tear-stained face. She spoke in gulping sobs.

"But, mother, I never told you—I shrank from telling any of you. While you and Grace were away this afternoon, Marshall Thurston called and wanted to make love to

me—he even dared to try to kiss me. Tia Teresa flung him out of the rose garden. It was I who made Tia Teresa promise to say nothing about it to anyone. I feared trouble. And, oh, trouble, terrible trouble, has already come." Again she bowed her head and continued weeping, but quietly weeping now. Grace was bending over her, patting her shoulder in soothing sympathy.

Mrs. Darlington's eyes met those of Robles.

"This may prove serious," she said softly, that Merle might not overhear.

"It is decidedly unfortunate," replied Robles; "an unfortunate complication that may, of course, strengthen the suspicion against Willoughby and so render it more difficult for us to help him."

Merle sprang to her feet, and with a hand dashed away her tears.

"Suspicion!" she exclaimed. "There can be not one moment's suspicion." And she gazed up into Robles' face in ardent appeal.

"Of course not, my dear, among us—among all those who know Dick Willoughby. But there is the harshly judging world to reckon with besides. They may say that this discloses a motive for the crime."

"However, Merle has just told us," commented Mrs. Darlington, "that only she and Tia Teresa know anything about this unhappy episode in the rose garden. Mr. Willoughby has not been here at all today."

"But I happen to know that he was not far away this afternoon—that he was rounding up some cattle in the near-by canyons. Malice may suggest that he was a witness of Thurston's insolent behavior."

"Then we should all keep silent on the subject."

"Which might be compromising in the long run, my dear Mrs. Darlington. Altogether it is a difficult situation."

Merle had been hardly listening to this conversation. She had been thinking, and with thinking had regained her composure. Her mind was quickly made up as to the line of prompt action that must be taken. She spoke quite calmly now.

"He is in prison. You have not spoken the word, Mr. Robles, but I know the truth all the same. We shall go to him tonight."

"Not tonight, my dear," replied Robles, with gentle firmness. "But tomorrow morning, certainly, I would suggest that you drive over to Bakersfield. He will appreciate your kindness in paying him this prompt visit, and you can at the same time convey to him my message of absolute belief in his innocence."

"You will not come, too?"

"I can do more for him, Merle, by not going to Bakersfield for the present. Do not forget that for reasons of my own I live in seclusion. My name must be mentioned to no one but Mr. Willoughby. Trust me, all

three of you, and leave me to work quietly alone and by my own methods. There, I give my promise. The captive will be set free within a short time. My hand on that, and you know that I never break my word."

There was a joyous smile of confidence on his face as he spoke the words. Merle took the extended hand gratefully, trustfully, and pressed it to her lips. Robles went on:

"My advice is—try to sleep tonight. Tomorrow, or within a few brief tomorrows, all will be well. Good night."

Tia Teresa followed him from the open door down into the outer hall.

"You heard everything," he said as he paused to speak a final word of parting. "Comfort her, but at the same time guard our secret closer than ever. Not one hair of Willoughby's head will be touched—make her know that for certain. And everything will come right in a very little time."

"My poor little girl," he murmured to himself as he strode down the silent tree-shadowed avenue.

CHAPTER XV

Behind the Bars

DICK WILLOUGHBY had been lodged in the county jail at Bakersfield, duly charged by Ben Thurston as the murderer of his son. To his surprise, and indeed to his dismay, the prisoner was informed that, the crime alleged being a capital one, no bail could be accepted. This was a first of all a blow to Willoughby's pride. Here he was under the stigma of imprisonment, but with no possibility of redress. It was not the loss of comforts, the deprivation of personal liberty, the hardships to body and to soul, inseparable from such restraint, that he resented, so much as the semi-conviction of guilt implied by the durance vile to which he was to be subjected, although absolutely innocent of the deed of which he was accused.

However, after first chagrin came manly philosophy. The law might be right or wrong, wise or unwise, necessary or superfluous. But all the same it was the law of the state and had therefore to be obeyed. So, when the situation was finally reviewed, it was Lieutenant Munson who, when bidding his friend good-night, had been the angry man, fretting and fuming over such an abominable act of injustice, while the prisoner himself was tranquilly resigned to the ordeal through which he must pass and to which unkind fate was subjecting him for reasons that he was powerless to fathom.

"Good night, Ches, old man. You'll see me again in the morning. It's mighty kind of you to stay in town all night. But we can decide on the best lawyer to employ, and then you must hasten back to break the bad news at La Siesta."

Such had been Dick's quiet words when their colloquy had been broken up, and he had been ordered to the retirement of his prison cell. To enter that place was for Dick a horrible experience. But he accepted the experience calmly, bade the turnkey a cheerful good-night, and laid him down to sleep on the narrow mattress resting upon the hard bench, at peace with himself and the world, even with the bitter enemy who had all so unexpectedly appeared on his path.

Although Munson was back in the jail sometimes next morning, he found Dick already

conferring with a lawyer—the best and most honored in the town, as Munson knew the moment his name was mentioned.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Bradley," said Dick, presenting him. "Some kind friend whose name he declines to reveal for the present, sent him a special message last night retaining his services for my defence."

"Mrs. Darlington, I bet," interjected the lieutenant.

"No, not Mrs. Darlington, let me assure you," rejoined the lawyer, "although undoubtedly she would be willing to do the same thing. But I am not permitted to say any more."

"And he has *carte blanche* for all expenses," smiled Dick. "Although I should not think there will be much money required to clear an innocent man," he added.

"Wait till you see," said the lawyer crisply. "We have to reckon with a malignant persecutor, I am already informed."

"Well, I've got a bit to my bank credit," Dick replied. "And we'll draw on that first before I accept the generosity of an unknown friend. It will be quite a saving here," he went on with a humorous twinkle in his eye as he glanced around. "Free board and lodging at the state's expense for a week at all events."

"Much longer than that, I am afraid," gravely remarked the lawyer. "You see, Mr. Munson, just before you arrived we were discussing the decidedly unfortunate coincidence that at the time the shooting occurred, Mr. Willoughby, by his own admission, was in the little canyon below the scene of the tragedy."

"Rounding up some cattle," observed Dick. "Of course. But all the same, open to suspicion as being on the ground, and indeed being the first to reach the dead man's side."

"That should be proof of innocence," observed Munson.

"Or may be taken as evidence of well-reasoned audacity to throw accusers off the trail," retorted the attorney. "You see we have to look at everything, not from our own point of view, but from the other side. Now I want to learn something more about that quarrel between you and young Thurston at the cattle muster."

"He made an insulting remark about one of the young ladies from La Siesta," replied Dick. "I told him I would tan his hide if he ever did it again. That's all. But the last thing I want is that these ladies' names should be dragged into the case."

"But his remark and your reproof were overheard by others," commented the attorney.

"Oh, yes, by a bunch of ranch hands."

"Whose evidence will undoubtedly be called for the prosecution, necessitating, perhaps, the evidence of the young ladies on our side."

"By God, I won't stand for that," exclaimed Dick hotly. "I can defend myself without their being called to the witness stand. Think, Munson, of subjecting Merle or Grace to any such thing"—and his indignant face appealed to the lieutenant's.

"I saw nothing of the quarrel," observed Munson, addressing the lawyer, "although, of course, I heard something about it later on—not from Willoughby, however, for he has never once referred to the matter in conversation with me. But I say, Dick, old fellow, you know that Merle Farnsworth and Grace

Darlington, too, will be only too proud and happy to stand up for you in a law court or anywhere else."

"That may be," replied Dick gloomily, "but I don't propose that they shall be made the objects of vulgar curiosity in a crowded court-room, or that their ears should ever hear the vile words that fell from that miserable degenerate who has at last met the fate he properly deserved."

"Well, it is a point that we shall have to consider carefully," spoke the lawyer as he rose to take his departure. "I have all the main facts of the case now, Mr. Willoughby. Of course I shall apply formally to the court for bail, but I know it is bound to be refused. I make all arrangements outside for your comfort here—meals, etc., and no doubt your friend, Mr. Munson, will bring you over clothing, toilet requisites, and the other little things you will require. I'll see you again later on today."

The lawyer was gone, and the two comrades were alone in the little room, stone-walled and bare of furniture except for a few chairs, where the consultation had been held. But he now took his stand within the room.

"Well, Munson, old chap," said Dick with cheerful alacrity, "you get back to the rancho in double-quick time. Then go on to La Siesta and tell Merle not to worry on my account. Tell her that I'm bright and happy, and just enjoying a good rest, and will be set at liberty within a week or so. But remember, she is not to come here. Good Lord, I never want her to see me in a place like this." And he glanced around forlornly, and in a measure ashamed.

But at the very moment there was a flutter along the corridor—the sound of voices, and women's voices, too. A moment later the superintendent of the jail appeared, bringing with him Mrs. Darlington and Merle. At the doorway he spoke to the officer on guard; the man withdrew.

"Mr. Willoughby, here are some more friends," said the superintendent as he ushered in the ladies. "I am going to interpret the regulations as leniently as possible—that's a matter which can rest between ourselves. I'll come back for you, Mrs. Darlington, in half an hour."

Merle advanced toward Dick with outstretched hand. In her other hand was a fine bouquet of roses.

"What a shame that you should be here," she exclaimed. "But I realize that the only thing to do is to submit as cheerfully as possible to the inevitable. Mother and I came over to give you our sympathy and proffer our help in every possible way. Grace also sends her very kindest regards, and I was bidden by Mr. Robles, whom we saw last night, to assure you of his complete belief in your innocence."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of any real friend thinking me capable of a cowardly deed like that," replied Willoughby. "But it is nice to have these kind messages, although I could have wished, Miss Farnsworth, that you had not seen me amid such surroundings."

"Do you think that we would desert you in such a time of trouble as this?" replied Merle, as she sat down. "But seeing that our visit is to be restricted to half an hour, it is well that we should get to the important points without delay. I have been talking over a certain matter both with mother and

Mr. Robles, and although I shrink from telling it, they have decided that you must know about the affair."

She then proceeded, in a low voice and with lips that trembled, to tell how young Thurston had forced his attentions on her a little time before the shooting occurred and how Tia Teresa had rescued her from his clutches.

This was the first that Dick had heard of the incident and his face flushed with anger. But Merle quieted him at once. "You need not be angry now, Mr. Willoughby. It is all over. But your lawyer will want to consider what bearing this may possibly have upon the case."

"It can have no bearing at all," maintained Dick. "In the first place I didn't even know till now that Marshall had been visiting at La Siesta. And in the second place, just as I was saying to Munson a few minutes ago, I am determined that the names of you ladies shall not be dragged into this miserable affair. Isn't that right, Mrs. Darlington?"

"In a measure. But all the same we are ready to stand by you so as to establish your innocence with the least possible delay. I heard this morning that Mr. Thurston is very bitter against you, keeps vowing vengeance, and announces that no money will be spared to bring the slayer of his son to retribution."

"Well, I hope he'll find him without loss of time," smiled Dick. "That will be the quickest and easiest way to get me out of confinement. But at this moment I have not the faintest idea on whom to fasten the charge. Lots of the cowboys despised young Thurston, but none were really his enemies, and I don't know any one among the bunch who would have shot him in that dastardly, cold-blooded manner."

"Which makes the situation for you all the more disagreeable," commented Munson. "You had been known to threaten him, and if there is no one else to whom suspicion can point, you may be kept here, Dick, for quite a time—for months, perhaps, until the case goes to trial."

Dick's face fell. "For months!" he exclaimed. Surely that would be an outrage."

"Oh, I wouldn't be too despondent," protested Merle. "Besides, Mr. Robles has pledged his word to me that you will be free in a very brief time."

"Then he may know who the culprit is," remarked Dick eagerly.

"No," interposed Mrs. Darlington. "He is like ourselves—quite in the dark. But you may rest assured that Mr. Robles will leave no stone unturned to solve the mystery and restore you to liberty, Mr. Willoughby, for I happen to know that he holds you in highest esteem."

"I'm glad of that," replied Dick. "Well, I want you to tell him from me how keen I am that you ladies shall be spared from all association with this case. You know that I am exercising great self-denial, Miss Farnsworth, when I say that you are never to come here again. This is no place for you."

"Pardon me," laughed Merle, "but we are interested in you and will excuse the hotel you have chosen to patronize. We brought these roses for you from La Siesta"—as she spoke she presented him with the beautiful blooms—"and if Lieutenant Munson will be kind enough to come out to our automobile he will find there some books, also a box of fruit and a few delicacies which we hope will

help to make your stay here just a little more tolerable."

"You're kind indeed," murmured Dick gratefully. "Don't worry about me," he added cheerfully, "I'll have a fine rest here, and will be able to catch up with my arrears of reading."

And in this philosophic frame of mind the prisoner was left to begin his holiday.

CHAPTER XVI

Pierre Luzon Returns

IN the outside world the question on everybody's lips was—who had fired the fatal shot among the pine woods? The young reprobate had been thoroughly despised, but he had no known enemies except Willoughby. So while Willoughby's staunch friends could only reiterate the question in vain perplexity, most people were inclined to answer it with Dick's name. The angry quarrel between the two young men was universally known and had been subjected to sundry embellishments—for example, the threatened horse-whipping had become an actual recorded event, and so on. And even there were whispers about rivalry in some love affair—that Marshall had had his eye on one of the young ladies at La Siesta where Dick for some time had been a constant caller.

So among the cowboys on the ranch, the oil drillers who frequented the Bakersfield saloons and had often enough stood around while young Thurston had set up the drinks, the newspaper-reading public generally for whom all the facts had been set forth in elaborate detail—the universal consensus of opinion seemed to be that Dick Willoughby was the man. Not that this verdict of popular opinion carried with it any real reprobation. Everyone agreed that the worthless degenerate had met even a kindlier fate than he merited. Had he lived, not all his father's millions could have long saved him either from the penitentiary or an asylum for the insane.

A week passed. Thurston brooded in solitude, but at his bidding Leach Sharkey kept up active investigations with a view to nose out every bit of evidence that could tell against the accused man. Sharkey worked, not from any special animosity against Willoughby, but from keen professional pride.

Dick accepted his confinement with manly fortitude. It was one of those untoward happenings that come into some people's lives for no obvious reason, but he was calm in the confidence that everything would be made clear in a very short time.

Moreover he was clear to his own conscience, which was the main thing. Next in importance was that of Merle, Grace and Mrs. Darlington, Robles and Munson, all the friends whom he held in highest esteem, had never for one moment doubted him. In their unshaken friendship was sufficient reward for all the tribulations through which he was passing.

Meanwhile word had reached Buck Ashley that old Tom Baker was on his way home in company with Pierre Luzon, to whom the Governor of the State had at last granted parole. In view of Dick's imprisonment Munson had well-nigh lost all interest in the romance of the buried treasure. But it had been Dick himself who had insisted that his friend must attend to their joint interests during his period of enforced sequestration.

Thus it had come about that Munson found himself one evening at the store, awaiting with Jack Rover and Buck Ashley the arrival of the automobile in which the sheriff was bringing the liberated convict from San Quentin. In a brief letter Tom Baker had explained that he had decided on this manner of transportation both because of its ensuring privacy and also because Pierre Luzon was so enfeebled by age, sickness and prolonged confinement that he could not travel by train. "I've rigged up a stretcher," wrote Tom, "but the poor old Frenchie is as weak as a kitten, and we'll have to run slow."

Nine o'clock that night was the scheduled hour around which the automobile might be expected. Buck Ashley had the extra cot for the invalid all ready in his own bedroom at the rear of the store.

It was close on ten o'clock, however, before the headlight of the automobile showed across the valley on the high-road. Buck piled another big log on the fire in the sitting room. He saw that the doors were all carefully closed and the shades pulled down. Then he brought in from the bar a tray with glasses and a bottle of whisky.

"Kentucky bourbon—that was old Pierre Luzon's favorite lotion," he said as he set down the tray. "And I guess he'll be glad of a good stiff drink on a cold night like this."

At last the automobile entered the yard, and the invalid was carried in on the stretcher and propped up comfortably in a rocking chair near the cheerful blaze. His teeth were chattering from cold, and he gratefully gulped down the stiff glass of bourbon which Buck lost no time in proffering him.

"You see," explained Tom Baker, as he bustled around, "the Governor just grants paroles; he can't grant pardons. Some sort of a board has to pass on the pardons. But I got him out all right, and that's the main thing. Eh, Pierre, old man?"

The sheriff nodded with great friendliness to his protegee. Luzon responded with a wan smile that silently spoke his thankfulness. His face was deathly pale, but there was wonderful snap and vitality in the black bead-like eyes that roamed around the room and searched each countenance.

Buck was now standing by the rocker. He laid a hand familiarly on the Frenchman's shoulder.

"You see, Pierre, old scout, I don't forget you"—he pointed to the bottle on the table. "Kentucky bourbon, the best I've got in the house, and the very label you used to call for. Now we've got to drink to your speedy recovery. Fill up all round, boys. The drinks are on me tonight."

"Hip, hip, hooray!" shouted Tom, as the glasses tinkled.

"Hush!" exclaimed Buck, warningly. "We don't want to bring any booze fighters prowlin' around here tonight. You see, Pierre, we four are in cahoots and understand each other. You know Tom and myself—we ain't in need of any guarantee. And you can trust Mr. Chester Munson and Jack Rover here to the limit."

Luzon bowed acknowledgment of the informal introduction.

"It was we who put up the cash to get you out of San Quentin," continued Buck, as he dropped into a chair close beside Tom Baker.

"Together with Dick Willoughby," interjected Munson.

"Oh, yes, not forgettin' Dick," resumed the storekeeper, "as fine a young feller as ever walked on shoe leather. But, by God, he's in jail just now."

"Eh?" ejaculated the ex-convict, with a look of awakening, almost fraternal, interest. Buck turned to the sheriff.

"Of course, Tom, you'll have read all about that terrible affair in the newspapers?"

The sheriff surreptitiously grabbed Buck's arm. He spoke in a confidential whisper.

"Drop that subject for the present. I've said nothin' about it to old Pierre in case it might upset him. I ain't dared to mention the name Thurston to him, for he shared the White Wolf's hatred of the breed." Then Tom gave a little cough and glanced across the fireplace at the Frenchman. "Just a little cowboy shootin' scrap, Pierre, in which our chum Dick Willoughby has got himself temporarily involved. But say, boys," he went on, casting his eyes toward Munson and Rover, "I just thanked the Lord it wasn't me as had to arrest Dick. Of course if I had still been sheriff I'd done it—when I was a sworn-in officer, duty was duty all the time with me, as every damned horse-thief within a hundred miles knows. But to take an honest man into custody for shootin' a miserable human coyote like that young —"

"Well, we're not a-goin' to speak about him just now," interrupted Buck, bestowing a cautioning kick on the sheriff's shins.

Tom took the timely reminder.

"That would have gone sore against the grain," he said emphatically, as he reached for the whisky bottle and replenished his tumbler.

"Glad to be back?" asked Buck, beaming pleasantly on old Pierre.

The Frenchman lifted one thin hand and smiled.

"Here I will become once more strong," he murmured. "No place in ze world like ze dear old Tehachapi mountains."

"Wal, I see you've begun to let your beard grow again," continued Buck, pointing to the gray stubbed chin. "And when your hair comes along, too, you'll just be lookin' fine and dandy. The same old Pierre that used to sit for hours at a time in the store."

He paused a moment, surveying the visitor.

"A leetle more whisky, please," murmured Pierre, as he watched the sheriff lay down his glass.

"All the whisky you want, old fellow," exclaimed Buck, with effusive hospitality. "By gunnies, you're entitled to a good few nips after all the long years you've been locked up. Ain't that so, boys?"

"I should say," declared Tom, fervently, wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

The Frenchman drank gratefully, and as he felt the warm alcoholic glow in his vitals, uttered a deep-drawn "Ah!" of appreciation.

"Tastes good, don't it?" observed Buck. "You never turned down a drink of good whisky in the old days, did you, Pierre? Great times then! And gosh almighty, don't it beat hell, I never suspected who you were all those years you used to sit around the store smokin' that big-bowled pipe of yours? And you knew about the cave then?"

"Oh, Pierre Luzon, he know how to keep one secret," responded the Frenchman, smiling.

"Yes, and good for us all you kept it, old man," exclaimed the sheriff. "He's a-goin'

to show us the cave tomorrow, Buck. There will be six in the divvy-up now, boys, for of course Pierre Luzon stands in. That's agreeable all round, fellers?"

"Sure, sure," responded the others in unison.

Tom turned to the Frenchman.

"I told you, Pierre, we'd play the game fair and square with you. Ain't that right?"

"I trust you all," replied Luzon. "I show ze cave tomorrow to my friend, Tom Baker, and you gentlemen who have been so kind to make up one purse to bring me back here from zat horrid prison."

"Guess you're about the only feller that knows where it is?" enquired Buck, cautiously.

Luzon looked at his questioner and spoke just one word: "Guadalupe."

"Does Guadalupe know?" exclaimed Jack Rover. "I thought her long suit was the rifle where she gets her placed gold."

"Guadalupe," answered Pierre, speaking slowly, "she know ze cave, but she not know where ze treasure is buried. Ze cave her home. She live zere. Lots and lots of times she come out, and nobody ever track her when she go back. Ze outlaws they sharp-shoot from places in ze hills nobody could see. But I show you," he continued, nodding his head at Jack Rover. "I, Pierre, show you where zat rifle is. I know both where Guadalupe wash out placer gold and ze secret chamber in ze big cave where Joaquin Murietta bury him money and where ze White Wolf, Don Manuel—peace to his soul!"—Pierre Luzon crossed himself—"hide sacks and sacks of ze yellow gold. Oh, yes!"

This long speech had exhausted the old man. He dropped his head wearily.

"What you need now is a good long sleep," exclaimed Tom Baker. "Another jolt of bourbon, Pierre, and then you get in between the blankets, old fellow."

"I've got your bed all ready in the next room," observed Buck.

"I guess I go to bed zen," assented Luzon.

He gulped down with relish a nightcap of the old whisky. Then Buck and Tom helped him from his chair.

"It is good to be here," murmured the Frenchman. "I grow strong again among ze mountains. I never go back—never go back to San Quentin, that one horrid prison."

"We'll nurse you like a baby," said Buck assuringly, as he led the feeble old man into the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XVII

The Biter Bit

ON the very night of Pierre Luzon's return, Ben Thurston was in close colloquy with his attorney, summoned specially from New York. It was not only the murder of his son that had brought about this consultation. The owner of San Antonio Rancho, while filled with fury against Dick Willoughby, was also gravely perturbed over other things. Immediately after dinner the two men shut themselves up in Thurston's office.

Thurston opened the safe and produced a little bundle of neatly-folded, legal-looking documents.

"These are the option papers," he said gruffly, as he tossed them across the table to

the lawyer. "Look them over, Mr. Hawkins."

The attorney glanced through the documents in a preliminary way.

"I see the first big payment falls due on April 1st," he remarked.

"Yes, April 1st," responded Thurston, "and I was a damned fool, too, to let that Trust Company fellow inveigle me into making the date April 1st, instead of March 1st. You see," he went on, "the taxes come due on March 1st, and on this principality they amount to quite a pretty figure, I can tell you."

"How much?"

"Oh, about \$18,000."

The lawyer again read the papers through, this time more carefully.

"Well, Mr. Thurston," he said, as he lighted a cigar and sat back in his chair, "I left some very important matters to come to you in answer to your imperative message. What's the work in hand?"

"Why, this option for one thing; and then, too, I want you to help me put the noose around the neck of that scoundrel who killed my son."

"We'll take one thing at a time, please," replied the attorney, speaking slowly and quietly. "So far as this option on the rancho is concerned, it seems to be quite regular. Nevertheless, five million dollars is a whole lot of money. Is there any danger of their forfeiting their option payment of \$100,000?"

"Danger? Forfeiting?" ejaculated Ben Thurston. "Well, I'm not at all afraid of that. My fear now is that they may take up the option."

"Why, didn't you wish to make the sale?"

"Yes, but I am not getting money enough. The ranch is really worth ten million dollars today, in cold cash. I have recently had some San Francisco capitalists down here appraising it for me, but I had already given the option."

"I see that the agreement provides for your cattle and horses going in at the stipulated price."

"Yes, I don't know why I should have been so infernally stupid. But you see those Los Angeles fellows came over here one day in an automobile and stayed all night. We had a sort of a tiff—didn't agree very well—and I let them start away the next morning without their breakfast—rather uncivil, I'll admit. After they had gone I got to thinking matters over, and I sent a telephone message along the road to stop them and ask them to come back. They returned all right. There was one of their number, this fellow from some Title and Trust Company, who was pretty warm under the collar, and, if I do say it myself, was as peeved as hell at me. Well, he was the one who drew up the agreement, sitting here at this table. The paper looked all right to me, and so I just went ahead and signed. I know now they caught me for the \$18,000 of taxes because I didn't just insist on having the option expire March 1st, instead of April 1st. But, to be frank with you, I really didn't much mind, for at that time I was only keen to get their \$100,000 for the option, never believing for a moment that they would come across with the million-dollar first payment due April 1st. You see the cattle and horses and all the stock on the ranch was a sort of sheaf of oats that I hung out in order to get them

to put up their option money—just so much bait."

"I didn't stop to think—that's all there is to be said. All these details hadn't been worked out into cold figures at the time I gave the option. When these men were here I just wanted to wheedle them into a bargain which would leave a cool \$100,000 in my hands. I never for one moment believed they could make the million-dollar payment, although, by God, I begin to realize the danger of their doing so now."

The lawyer looked up in silent surprise. Thurston continued:

"Of course I should have had this detailed valuation made before I went into the deal. Up to the time I read that inventory I had no real idea of the increased value of the property and what was on it. Oh, you may shake your head; I'm not a good business man—never cared a damn for business—and I know quite well I haven't given enough attention to the ranch. You see I have been living mostly in the East, for good reasons. I don't like it here at all—I've never felt safe in California," and he glanced nervously at the window of the room, as if some enemy were lurking there.

Mr. Hawkins once more reached for the inventory, and carefully examined the figures. Finally he said: "Pardon me, Mr. Thurston, for the observation. But you should have sent for me *before* the option was signed, if you did not really intend to carry out its terms. I find that you have twenty-six thousand head of cattle, and you say that the price of cattle is very high just now—that the whole herd ought to average forty dollars a head. This item alone makes one million and forty thousand dollars, or, in other words, if they exercise the option and pay you the first million dollars, they will have forty thousand dollars more than the payment which they may make at that time." The lawyer pencilled down the figures while he spoke.

Ben Thurston had been listening with a gloomy look on his brow. But when he saw the figures translated into dollars, he fairly bounced from his chair, walked rapidly up and down the room, and then, coming to a sudden halt, shouted: "By God, that's where they got me again. I see it all now; these fellows were a damned sight too smart for me. Well, Hawkins, you are my attorney. I don't want to go on with this deal, even if they are able to dig up the money."

The lawyer puffed at his cigar, wholly undisturbed, and then replied: "Mr. Thurston, you have already made a sale."

"No, by God, I haven't; nothing of the kind," replied Thurston. "The truth is that I should get ten million dollars for this ranch, and keep all my horses and cattle, too. I don't propose to be fleeced by that Los Angeles outfit, either," he continued, running his hands through his hair. "I have it; we'll break the contract. I'll bet that option is so faulty that you can drive a load of hay right through it. Hunt up a flaw and we will send them back their option money. I don't want their \$100,000 now."

"I have already carefully studied the paper," replied Hawkins, "and can find no flaw in it. It was evidently drawn by a master hand."

"Master hand be damned," thundered Thurston. "Why, the stiff wasn't even a

lawyer. He was just one of the syndicate—the one I told you about a while back. He knows so-cussed much about titles that the other fellows let him write the option."

"I see," replied the attorney, as a half-smile flitted over his face; "about all you seemingly had to do was to sign the option papers and count the option money. The sole hope you have now, Mr. Thurston, in my opinion, is for those Los Angeles gentlemen to let this valuable option lapse. You have only a few days to wait."

"But I haven't told you the worst yet," said Thurston sullenly, dropping again into his chair.

"What do you mean?"

"I had a long-distance telephone this morning from the First National Bank at Los Angeles saying that the million dollars due April 1st has been already paid in to my credit. But I won't touch the money—I'll be damned if I do."

"You have no choice but to accept it," said the lawyer. "It would be foolish to deceive yourself; San Antonio Rancho is sold, and with the payment just made, you, by the terms of your contract, are compelled to give immediate possession. I can only advise you to take your medicine like a man, but don't let those Los Angeles gentlemen know that you are swallowing a bitter dose." He refolded the papers, and pushed them across the table. "Now, Mr. Thurston, if there is anything I can do to assist you in the prosecution of your son's murderer, I stand ready to do so."

Ben Thurston arose.

"We'll talk about that tomorrow. I'll hang Dick Willoughby right enough in good time. Meanwhile you tell me that the rancho is sold—that I have lost my great estate for less than half its value? Hell! Isn't that enough for one night?"

And he stalked wrathfully out of the room slamming the door behind him.

"He sold at the wrong price," mused the lawyer with a quiet smile. "Perhaps he'll be trying next to hang the wrong man."

CHAPTER XVIII

Elusive Riches

IN the meantime the quartet at the store were making a night of it. With old Pierre Luzon peacefully asleep in the adjoining room, there were many things to speak about. Tom Baker recounted in elaborate detail his story of interviews with the governor and state officials at Sacramento, the weary and harassing delays before parole was finally granted, his own dogged determination, together with the artful pulling of political strings that had finally brought about the results desired. Then there was the trip to San Quentin, the breaking of the joyful news to Pierre Luzon in his cell, the delivery of the paroled convict into Tom's hands, and the clever solution of all further difficulties by hiring an automobile for the journey south. The narrative was all very interesting, each listener eagerly followed every word, and at the close Tom Baker's chest had expanded several inches.

"I tell you boys, there's no man alive could have done what I did. The business was in the right hands. If it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have Pierre Luzon here tonight."

"But if Pierre Luzon hadn't written that letter," growled Buck Ashley, "you would never have started for Sacramento and San Quentin."

"Well, all's well that ends well," discreetly interposed Munson, as he raked the smouldering wood ashes together. "Gee, but it's cold tonight."

Jack Rover rose and tossed another log onto the fire. In a moment a bright flame sprang up.

"The bottle's empty," observed the sheriff. "The next one's on me, Buck."

"Guess we'll charge it to syndicate account," grinned the storekeeper, whose momentary frown seemed to have been dissipated by the cheerful blaze. "We'll have to open books, boys, and go about things in a regular way," he added, as he drew the bolt of the door that communicated with the store and groped his way into the darkness beyond.

Buck needed no candle, and was soon back with another bottle of the Kentucky bourbon. Glasses were filled and clinked and pledges of brotherhood renewed.

"It's champagne we'll be drinkin' tomorrow night, Buck, old sport," exclaimed Tom, slapping his old crony on the shoulder.

"I'll long-distance Bakersfield for a case in the morning," responded Buck, genially. "By gosh, we'll be swimmin' in wine afore long, boys. First thing I've got to do is to sell out this 'ere store."

"Sell it!" cried the sheriff, contemptuously. "You can afford to give it away, Buck. We ain't a-goin' to be pikers in our old age, are we now?"

"I ain't old by a danged sight," snapped back the storekeeper, for Tom had touched a sore spot once again. "Besides, when I've got a barrel of Joaquin Murietta's gold safe in the bank, you'll see me friskin' around like a two-year-old colt," he added, his momentary surliness changing to a smile.

"And it ain't only gold boys," said Tom Baker. "That 'ere story old Pierre told me about the grotto cavern havin' a lake of oil in it as big as a city block, sure 'nuff got me goin'. Why, we'll be able to blossom out into oil kings."

"What's that?" asked Munson.

"Why, the Frenchie told me, you know, confidential like, comin' along on our motor car that since fifty years back those bandit fellers skimmed oil from the surface of that lake and burned it in lamps down in that cavern."

"By Jove, that's interesting," replied Munson. "We know there is oil to the west, oil to the north, and oil to the south, and it stands to reason there must be oil here as well."

"Yes," interposed Buck, "but old Ben Thurston would never allow any drillin' on his place."

"Who the hell wants oil anyhow?" exclaimed Jack Rover. "We'll have all the money we need with the buried gold and Guadalupe's placer mine."

"Yes, but oil is oil," replied the storekeeper, with a shrewd nod of his head. "They say Rockefeller has only to raise the price a quarter of a cent a gallon whenever he wants to give away another million or so to a university or a hospital."

"Well, we ain't interested in universities or hospitals," said Tom Baker.

The Humming Bird of the Zantee

A thrilling sea story seething with thrilling adventure and romance that has to do with the days when sailing vessels explored the new coast line of the Atlantic, as related by Annie T. Colcock

"Shipped by the Grace of God in Good Order & well conditioned . . . in & upon the schooner called the Rose in Bloom, whereof is master under God for this present voyage Nehemiah Biggs, & now riding at anchor in the Harbour of New York, & by God's grace bound for Charles Town in Ashley River of the Province of Carolina, to wit:" and here follows a long list of miscellaneous commodities from "Wheat Flower, Strong Beer & Cider" to "Iron Wayre" and "Cloathes ready mayde;" all to be delivered at "the aforesaid Port of Charles Town, Save and Except such Goods as the said Nehemiah Biggs shall expend in Traffic with the Settlers upon the Coast and Rivers of Carolina; for which he shall Receive Payment in Pitch & Tar, also the Skins of the Bare and Deare, dressed or with the hayre on, also Bills & Coin And soe God send the good ship to her desired Port in safety.

Dated in New York the 3rd April, 1695."

THUS ran the words of the bill of lading carried by the trim little schooner that sailed, with wind and tide in her favor, up the Zantee River in the Province of Carolina one afternoon in May of that same year; after a voyage of several weeks, with a good distance yet between her and her final destination.

In addition to her regular cargo the "Rose in Bloom" carried several bales and chests belonging to her only passenger, John Percivall, Gentleman—an adventurous young Englishman who had crossed the Atlantic to try his fortunes in the colonies, and who hoped to better them somewhat, in trading with such Indians as they chanced to encounter on their passage south.

Capt. Biggs had made a number of voyages along the coast, and was fairly well acquainted with the various settlements between New York Harbour and the Port of Charles Town. Several times already, the schooner had cast anchor for barter or sale; and, that very morning, they had done a brisk trade with the Huguenot refugees in the thrifty little settlement on the Zantee's southern shore. Partly to favor young Percivall's business with the Indians, partly on an errand of his own, Capt. Biggs had ventured further up the stream; and now, as the sun dropped lower and long golden rays slanted over the forest, he stood silent in the bow, his keen blue eyes on the watch for remembered landmarks and a

snug berth where the "Rose in Bloom" could lay to for the night.

On either hand were green banks where the cypress grew and willows trailed their fringes in the stream; beyond, oak and cedar were locked in a close embrace amid a tangle of young undergrowth.

The schooner steered into a tiny inlet and dropped anchor just as the last sunbeams were gilding her sails; then the spreading canvas wilted down in weather stained folds.

Capt. Biggs turned to his passenger, who had silently joined him, and offered a brief explanation.

"Some three miles inland, sir, on the edge of the pine wood, lives the Frenchman of whom I told you. 'Tis likely it will be worth our while to see him. The tide is near the turn and the wind is failing, we could have made no more headway tonight. But, if you have still a mind to try your luck further up stream, there's more than one Seratee village above; and if we do our business with the Frenchman to-night, there'd be a full three hours' tide in our favor come morning. 'Tis a long twilight and a full moon. What say you, sir? Is a six mile tramp through the wood to your liking?"

"A twelve mile, if it furnish a small spice of adventure," responded Percivall, with alacrity.

"Agreed," said Capt. Biggs. "We will sup first, however. As for the adventure, there's no telling. Mayhap we'll find the old Frenchman, fiddle in hand, leading a Seratee ball with the braves in full feather."

"What?" cried the young Englishman, opening his eyes.

"'Tis something of a yarn, sir, and must keep," replied the captain, shaking his head as he turned away.

An hour later, they left the "Rose in Bloom" under guard of the mate and three of the crew. The fourth sailor, a stout fellow, carried a small bale, peddler fashion, over his shoulders, and followed the captain and young Percivall as they pushed their way through the thick, swampy undergrowth to the higher land, covered with oak and pine, that lay some three miles from the river course.

"'Tis some years," began Capt. Briggs in response to his companion's question, "'tis some four years that I have known Monsieur de l'Eaumont," and he made a mouthful of the title. "He is one of the Protestant fugitives from southern France, and a gentleman by birth, it would seem, like enough that's true, as he is unskilled in any trade. He arrived here with his wife and only child some years ago, and, finding that

it was no place to live on one's gentility, when his means were exhausted he turned his gentlemanly accomplishments to account, and is teaching the Indians contradances and to play the flute and haut-boy. 'Tis said he has got himself a fortune; for the barbarians are as much tickled with the performance as we are over the ballet in a French play house. Certain it is, that each time I have made stop on the Zantee, he has sold me the finest bale of skins I have gotten in Carolina. And he must always have honest coin in exchange, and but little goods, so it is likely he has laid by some profit in four years."

"Methinks 'tis too hardly earned," exclaimed Percivall. "Why 'tis utter banishment! And if, haply, some trouble befall him, where would be his nearest aid?"

"There'd be none short of the French settlement we left this morning; an easy trip by water, but by land through swamp and forest, such as this, a two day's journey," replied the captain, as he tramped forward sturdily, shouldering his way through brush and brier.

The woods were thinning somewhat, as they struck the sandier region, and the air grew lighter and fragrant with the resinous odor of pines. Overhead the wind murmured in the branches; the fallen needles made a springy carpet under foot; between the giant stems the trail opened out before them, and the full moon's level rays, filtering through, fell across their path in bars of silver.

"We shall be there anon," cried Capt. Biggs, suddenly. "See yonder fire," and he pointed to a red light that danced and flickered through the trees before them. "There is the chateau of Monsieur!"

It stood in the centre of a little clearing, a small log cabin rudely built. No light shone through the windows, darkened by broad shutters; but from behind it a ruddy glow streamed up, illuminating the whole clearing.

"Why, dash me! Captain, the cabin burns!" cried young Percivall, starting forward in dismay.

"Nay, sir, 'tis naught but the flambeaux," said the older man. "Go round to the rear, and you'll see. But listen!"

The clear, fine tones of a violin reached them, like the singing of the wind through a field of maize—then a flute-like treble joined in, pure as the notes of a mocking bird—and together they trilled out a merry rhythmic tune that set the nerves tingling like wine in the blood, and kept the feet tapping, and the head a-nodding and the fingers beating time to every turn in the gay measure.

John Percivall, and the captain of the "Rose in bloom," crossed the clearing stealthily and crept round to the rear of the cabin. There—in the flaring light of two bonfires of pine knots built upon mounds of earth—was a rough shed, supported by crotched poles driven in the ground, and thatched with branches of pine and cedar. The sandy floor was swept clean and hard; and the glare of the two flam-beaux streamed in from either side, as clear as day, revealing a singular spectacle.

Gathered around in a wide semi-circle, some standing, some crouched—chin to knee—upon the ground, were about fifty Seratee braves. The light flickered over their painted faces, their deerskin garments, and the uncouth ornaments of beads and feathers with which they were adorned. At one end of the semi-circle a little in the background, squatted a group of Indian girls, with lank locks streaming over their swarthy cheeks, and black eyes and white teeth gleaming in the firelight.

Opposite the circle of dark, impassive faces, at the further end of the shed, was a rude bench on which sat a pale, delicate woman, whose countenance revealed not only the refinement which comes of gentle birth and breeding, but also the dignity of a brave spirit that had risen superior to the buffets of Fate. Behind her stood an elderly woman in the dress and cap of a French peasant, and a few paces in advance crouched a young Indian boy with a reed flute at his lips.

Three figures occupied the open space in the center. On the left, violin in hand, was Monsieur de l'Eaumont. He had quite the grand air, had Monsieur, which even his shabby coat and homespun small-clothes were powerless to disguise. His curled wig was carefully powdered; his hands were immaculately white, with a ring or two that sparkled as he drew his bow across the strings or twirled it with a graceful flourish, marking time for the strangely assorted couple that bowed and courtesied to each other in the very centre of the rustic hall.

A tall young chief of the Seratees—in gorgeous paint and panoply of state, the fringes of his deerskin garments dyed a vivid crimson, a crest of long hawks' feathers reared above his head and falling back like a mantle over his broad shoulders—moved solemnly, with the dignity of the barbarian and a savage kind of grace, through his difficult paces, in perfect time to the throbbing, thrilling melody of the violin and flute. And before him, light as a butterfly on the wing, her cheeks flushed rosy, and soft tendrils of her brown hair escaping from the velvet ribbon that bound her brow, with little hands gathering up her petticoat, and little tireless feet that tripped back and forth over the sandy floor, was Mademoiselle Lucie de l'Eaumont—the loveliest little bit of humanity that had ever breathed the air of that wild forest, the Humming Bird of the Zantee River, as she was called in every Seratee village far and near.

The music ceased, with a low flute note, and a soft plucking of the violin strings, for all the world like a clear bird call, and the distant echo of its mate.

Mademoiselle Lucie made a sweeping courtesy to her partner; and Gray Hawk, the young chief, stiffened into utter immobility.

"Bravo!" cried Monsieur, and Madame clapped her hands; while old Jeanne gazed at her nursing with fond pride.

The Indian boy took his flute from his lips and wiped it silently in his deerskin mantle; and in the semi-circle of dark-attentive faces not a feature relaxed.

"That was well done, my beautiful," said Monsieur, approvingly, as he tightened a string.

"Art tired, little one?" called Madame gently.

"Tired! I am never tired!" cried Lucie, pushing back her loosened curls and twirling lightly on her toes. She was only fifteen, with almost a child's stature, and all of a child's perfect grace and joy in movement.

Gray Hawk vouchsafed a grunt of approval, and Whistling Reed, the Indian boy raised his flute again to his lips—when there was a slight stir behind them and Captain Biggs and his young companion stepped forward into the circle of light.

Monsieur laid aside his violin and advanced to meet them. The bluff captain of the "Rose in Bloom" hailed him heartily in execrable French and was cordially received; and then John Percivall was presented. His open countenance and gentlemanly bearing won his host immediately, and the two bows with which he acknowledged his introduction to the ladies so nicely expressed his sense of the honor of Madame's acquaintance and his admiration for Madame's daughter that the elder lady, perceiving this, inwardly endorsed him as one "to the manner born."

As for Mademoiselle Lucie, while she swept a demure courtesy, her dark eyes scanned the fine proportions of the English youth from the crown of his curly head to the tip of his well-shod foot, and she decided promptly that he was very well worth looking at.

While the captain and Monsieur came to an agreement on the subject of a bale of fine skins stowed away in the little log cabin, Madame and old Jeanne turned over the goods in the pack brought on the sailor's shoulders; but John Percivall, with a soul above such vulgar matters—for the time, at least—found much to say to Mademoiselle Lucie. And the girl—though it was a vastly new experience to sit listening to ardent compliments in halting French—held her own with blushing dignity and an occasional venture into pretty broken English that enraptured her hearer.

During this long interruption all the Indians had retreated to the further end of the shed, whence they watched every motion of the foreigners, every glance that passed between them, with the same impassivity as before, all but Gray Hawk, the young chief. He stood alone, with folded arms, leaning against one of the rough pole supports to the open shed, and his eyes flashed angry lightning from time to time as the pale-face stranger bent over the little Humming Bird.

At last Monsieur de l'Eaumont and Nehemiah Biggs emerged from the cabin;

the skins were divided into two bundles, one was added to the sailor's diminished pack, the other laid across the captain's broad shoulders; and then John Percivall and Mademoiselle Lucie looked into each other's eyes to say farewell. This time the young man's bow was less assured, the girl's courtesy not quite so demure, and, as the three started off on their return to the schooner, young Percivall glanced back again and again at the little slim figure standing in the flickering light of the flam-beaux, while for almost the first time in her life Lucie de l'Eaumont heaved a long, long sigh.

It was late. Monsieur dismissed the Indians with a bow and a graceful wave of his white hand, and silently they departed, melting away like shadows into the moonlit forest. The boy, Whistling Reed, alone remained behind, and he signalled stealthily to Monsieur as the women retired into the cabin.

"Little father," said the boy earnestly, in the mixture of Seratee dialect and imperfect French which was the only medium of communication between the Indians of the Zantee region and their pale face friends. "Little father, tonight there was a talk among the braves. Some say the two pale face strangers come for more than deer skins. Old man the uncle of Gray Hawk think much—talk much. Say white chief, Man on a boat, bring other white chief, Yellow Hair, to look at the Humming Bird. Come back, some time, and buy the Humming Bird from the little father and carry her away."

Monsieur de l'Eaumont started and frowned. The idea was not so distasteful as the fact that it had occurred to the Seratees as a cause for uneasiness.

"Whistling Reed," he said, emphatically, "the Humming Bird is young, very young; too young to leave the nest. Tell the braves so, and if they make another talk come and tell me."

The boy nodded intelligently. "Little father," he whispered, "Whistling Reed never forget—how one time you make him well. Whistling Reed the friend of the Humming Bird, tell the truth always. And tonight he say *Gray Hawk very angry*." With these words he disappeared among the trees, and Monsieur returned to the cabin with an anxious countenance.

"Pierre, something is wrong!" said Madame, as she looked into his face.

"My beloved," answered Monsieur, gravely, "I think the time I have always anticipated has come at last. We must make a new home for ourselves nearer to the settlement, where we will have the protection of numbers. It is not right for us to trust the Indians too far."

Madame grew paler, and laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"It is Lucie," replied Monsieur; and then he told her.

At that moment the girl was chatting merrily with old Jeanne, who still shared her nursing's chamber.

"'Twas a very pretty speech; now, was it not, Jeanne?"

"Mademoiselle would have heard many speeches far finer than that, if she was

only at home in France," replied the old servant.

"Still, it was not ill said, and Monsieur Percivall is a vastly pretty gentleman," asserted Lucie. "Dear Jeanne, dost think he will come back? He said their boat would go still further up the Zantee, trading. Perhaps—who knows?—perhaps they will stop again on their return."

But Jeanne was dubious, and shook her head. "Why so soon, Mademoiselle?"

"Ah! how tiresome thou art," cried Lucie. "Why could he not find an errand?"

"If he comes," said the old woman, with the caution of a diplomat, "if he comes, it will be only for the sake of seeing Mademoiselle Lucie."

And that little lady fell asleep with a smile on her rosy lips.

When the bright May morning flashed its sunbeams through the pines and blew its clean, sweet breath across the clearing, the apprehensions of the night before seemed unfounded; but about an hour before noon, old Jeanne was called into the cabin from the garden patch where she and Lucie were busily weeding the onion bed. As Madame beckoned her silently into the little living room, the old woman was startled at the sight of her white face and compressed lips. Within, in close consultation, were Monsieur de l'Eaumont and the boy, Whistling Reed, whom they all regarded as their staunchest friend among the Seratees.

"Be seated, Jeanne," said Monsieur, gravely; and Madame turned instinctively and slipped her hand into the hard palm of the faithful old woman.

"Now tell it again," said Monsieur to the boy.

Whistling Reed looked around at the three faces before him. "Little father," he began, addressing Monsieur, although his eyes sought Madame's from time to time. "Little father, Gray Hawk left his tent with the rising of the sun—called the old men of the tribe and the young braves—and made a great talk. Gray Hawk say last night he dream the little father give him the Humming Bird to carry her away into his tent. Old man the uncle of Gray Hawk and all the old men in the tribe say—if so he dream, so it must be, or trouble follow. Some time they come here to the little father—" The boy paused and looked at Madame in silence.

The mother was dumb, with pallid lips folded close; and Monsieur covered his mouth with his white hand; but the old woman rose up with eyes of horror.

"To take away Mademoiselle Lucie? Never! I will tear out the eyes of every one if they so much as look at her!" she cried, shrilly.

"Hush, Jeanne! The child must not know," whispered Madame, glancing apprehensively through the open window at the little Mademoiselle de l'Eaumont, who—with skirts tucked up and hat tilted back over her brown curls—bent over the garden bed, carolling out a gay little French air as she dealt death and destruction among the weeds.

Whistling Reed's eyes followed the mother's and he shook his head.

"The humming bird mates not with the

hawk," he said slowly. "And it is not for the daughter of the white chief to go into the red man's tent. The little father must take these two—and the Humming Bird—and follow the trail to the pale face camp on the Zantee River."

"Oh! if only we had gone last night with the good English captain," cried Madame, chokingly.

"'Twas their visit that brought on this crisis. We could not know. But 'tis I who am to blame. Ah! fool that I was, to risk this lonely life with three women to be guarded," and Monsieur's face turned gray as he looked out of the window. "But we waste precious time in repining. We should start speedily."

"Monsieur!" cried Jeanne, "the schooner is still in the river. The young Englishman told Mademoiselle Lucie that they would go some ways further up the river, trading."

The young Seratee nodded. "It is so, little father. Let Whistling Reed go up the river and watch. You make a writing to the white chief Man on a Boat, tell him go down the Zantee, past the trail and wait. Let Whistling Reed take it. Then the little father and all, go by night to the river."

Monsieur's face lit up. "Truly, I think we would do well to take the lad's counsel. But can we trust you?" and he turned to the Indian as though he would read his very soul.

The boy's figure straightened. "Whistling Reed never lie," he said.

A merry laugh rippled through the window and Lucie's dimpled face peeped over the sill.

"I see you there, so solemn and so wise," she cried, gaily. "What treason are you plotting? Come back to thy task, thou lazy Jeanne! And dear papa, a great crowd of Indians are coming up to the door. I think they desire to speak with you." Then the rosy face disappeared.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Monsieur huskily.

But Madame rose calmly; with the crisis came the courage and the wit to meet it.

"Go with Lucie, Jeanne and keep her busy in the garden. Pierre, thou wilt meet these Indians and seem to humor them. Remember, we only want a little time—a little time. Now, Whistling Reed, I will give you the writing. Be faithful. It is you only who can save the Humming Bird—for sooner than give her to Gray Hawk I will kill her with my own hands."

The Indian boy looked up into the mother's eyes, and laid his hand upon his breast. A moment later he had slipped through the window and crossed the cleared space that lay between the cabin and the forest.

Madame stood in the cabin door, and watched her husband as he advanced to meet the foremost Indian. This was the uncle of Gray Hawk. Behind him, squatting on the ground in a semi-circle, were twenty Seratee braves. Monsieur de l'Eaumont greeted the ambassador with dignity. What passed between them Madame was too far off to hear; but she waited in the doorway, rigid as a statue, and behind her white brow the thought repeated itself over and over: "A little time—a little time—Oh, God what will give us a little time?" Suddenly her great eyes shone, and

her heart beat more calmly. When her husband turned and approached the cabin, she went down the steps to meet him. His face looked pinched and old under his powdered wig.

"Well?" said Madame.

"It was just as the boy said," was the reply, and he looked at her with desperate eyes. "I have seemed to consent. They will claim her tomorrow. Tonight we must make the venture, and—if we fail—there is always one way of escape. I can devise no other."

"Courage, Pierre. What? After all the dangers and sorrows we have suffered, do you think God will desert his own? Come with me, I would speak with them," and she took his arm.

"My friends," she began, in a clear unfaltering voice as she confronted the circle of expectant faces, in the midst of which the old Indian stood and watched her with keen eyes. "You have known us long. We have lived together in peace. And now your chief Gray Hawk would take away the Humming Bird to his tent and leave the nest empty. It is well. A dream is not to be disregarded, lest evil come of it. But I, too, would tell you of a dream. When first we came across the big water and pitched our tent, I had a dream about the child whom you call the Humming Bird. It seemed that she grew tall and fair and then a great chief came and claimed her from me; and, as they went away, hand in hand, I saw the new moon in the sky over their heads."

The old Indian heard her in silence, and his keen eyes never left her face. When she paused, he held up his hand and replied: "The white squaw speaks well. Her dream is a good dream. Last night the moon was round like the sun. Gray Hawk must wait. Soon be dark night with no moon, then Gray Hawk come with gifts to the little father of the Humming Bird. And when the young moon show in the sky—he lead her away by the hand."

Having delivered this speech with the finality of a decree of the Medes and Persians, the uncle of Gray Hawk withdrew with his braves. On the edge of the clearing they halted; there was a brief consultation; then two of their number seated themselves on the ground in full view of the cabin and the rest departed.

There were three hearts sick with suspense and anxiety all that day and three pairs of eyes that looked out of the cabin window every moment until dark came on. But the two Indians on the edge of the clearing stood sentinel till nightfall. Then two more came and took their place, building a huge camp fire of pine brush that lit up a wide circle about them, its rays extending almost to the cabin door. Monsieur seemed crushed under the weight of suspense; but Madame's calmness never failed. She lit the tallow dips in their wooden brackets on the walls of the tiny living room, and sat waiting—waiting, long after Lucie and Jeanne had gone to bed. One after another, the candles flickered out; and then, with no light but that of the moon streaming through the wide cracks in the window shutters, the husband

and wife sat, hand in hand, waiting for news.

Dawn—and still no sign. The sentinel Indians at the edge of the clearing were relieved by two newcomers. And the day wore on.

The twilight was creeping over the forest when Whistling Reed, with a string of fish over his shoulder, walked up to the cabin door. Madame opened it and beckoned him in. The boy put his hand upon his breast and looked her in the eyes.

"Whistling Reed has seen the white chiefs, Man on a Boat and Yellow Hair. They come down the Zantee, past the trail, to-night. No stop there. Gray Hawk has two braves at the river to see them go by. Must go down to the bend below. Whistling Reed come again with the dark to take the Humming Bird and the white squaws to the river. Little father must wait—must make light in the wigwam—make much music all the time till Whistling Reed come back for him. So the braves by the fire not know the Humming Bird flown away." So saying, he dropped his fish at her feet and walked quietly out and away from the cabin door.

Monsieur and Madame faced each other. At the thought of separation they both quailed—but it seemed the wisest plan. The husband opened his locked chest and drew out his little store of gold.

"You and Lucie must take it all," he said.

"Nay," replied Madame, firmly. "We leave half with you."

Their preparations were swiftly made; it only remained to tell Lucie. The tension of the past hours had been felt by the girl though she did not realize the cause. Now, when the plans were explained to her, she rebelled indignantly.

"What! leave my father alone to face the danger? Never! The Indians have been our friends for years—surely they would not hurt us now. I will appeal to them—I, the Humming Bird whom they all love. But forsake my father? Never!"

Madame was a wife as well as a mother, and this parting was like a knife in her heart.

"Child!" she cried, taking Lucie by the arm. "Be silent! It is for thy sake we go

thus—to save thee from being Gray Hawk's squaw."

Mute with horror, the girl recoiled. Not another word was said.

Twilight faded. The waning moon was well below the horizon. A soft darkness settled over them, star-flecked above; while fireflies shot sparks along the deeper blackness of their forest boundaries. The three women stood ready in the cabin; when, at the little window on the side farthest from the camp fire, a soft tap sounded. Lucie threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Courage, Pierre," whispered Madame, brokenly. "We will meet soon—or—we will never be taken alive."

One by one, they slipped through the window.

Then Monsieur lit each candle on the wall, and took his violin from its case. With trembling fingers he drew the bow across the strings. Out on the still night air floated the music of slow and stately sarabands, of graceful minuets and lively contradances. The braves by the camp fire heard it.

"Hm—"they said, "the Humming Bird is on the wing."

The little band of fugitives heard, as Whistling Reed led them stealthily into the wood and a sob rose up in Lucie's throat.

But Monsieur de l'Eaumont, with sickening heart throbs and great beads of moisture standing on his brow, played on and on, while his facile bow glanced and flourished on the quivering strings. And again the short tallow dips flickered out in their wooden sockets.

Then he laid down his bow and violin and covering his face, dropped on his knees beside the window. Suppose—after all—that Whistling Reed had been unfaithful!

As the horrid doubt grew in his mind a soft shower of sand broke against the shutters. He pushed them gently open. The Indian boy lay flat on the ground beneath.

"Come little father—the moon rises. Sh! Make no noise. The Humming Bird and the white squaws are with the two pale face chiefs in the wood. Come quick!" He crawled away and the Frenchman followed as best he could with his violin under his

arm. It had been his companion in all their wanderings from far off Languedoc and he never even thought of leaving it behind him.

Hope grew in his heart, for even if he was taken he trusted that the women would escape in safety. But the sentinels at the camp fire were off their guard and he left the clearing unchallenged. For an hour he followed the young Indian through the wood and into the low, swampy lands. The moon was well up when they emerged, at last, upon the river.

There the sturdy figure of Captain Biggs patrolled the shore and in mid-stream the "Rose in Bloom" stood at anchor. As Monsieur and his guide appeared in sight, the captain gave a signal to those on board. Then he hurried the Frenchman into the small boat that awaited them.

"Little father," cried Whistling Reed, "take me with you, or Gray Hawk kill me when he find the Humming Bird flown!"

"Come then," said Capt. Biggs, quickly. "Waste no words, but come. Monsieur, we must not stop this side of Charles Town. In the French village there are scarce a hundred souls, all told. You would endanger their lives and they could not protect you against a tribe of angry Seratees." They reached the schooner as he spoke, the anchor was already hauled up and the "Rose in Bloom" blossomed out in full sail.

The reunited family, with overflowing hearts, whispered the brief story of their separate journeys; while Capt. Biggs and John Percivall paced back and forth upon the deck, keeping a watchful eye on the moonlit shores. From time to time, the glances of the young man met those of Lucie and she felt that she had found a new defender.

A strong ebb tide was running and the breeze was stiff. Just as dawn began to flush the east they glided past the French settlement.

When the sun came up over the fringe of forest, the woods and swamps around the deserted cabin were alive with Seratee braves and a fleet of canoes swarmed down the Zantee. But the bird had flown too far. The schooner, bearing her precious freight, was afloat on the broad Atlantic, with the salt wind in her sails.



BOOK REVIEWS

ALL the ups and downs of a newspaper man's life come to us from the prolific pen of the versatile and widely read author, Ben Ames Williams. "Splendor" is the aptly chosen title of the story of Henry Beeker, a remarkable character created by Mr. Williams. His life was commonplace. He never attained wealth or wide renown. He was a good man but entirely free from hypocrisy. You will love Henry Beeker. He didn't attain great heights and wasted no time in vain protests against his fate. He brought up his family and worked hard in his quiet and amiable way, and made progress, not more than the average but enough to get his son off to a better start than he had.

You will enjoy the book and probably feel as we feel—that Henry Beeker might easily have attained greater material heights, but not have enjoyed life any more fully or lived it better.

Ben Ames Williams knows newspaper work and he knows how to write, so the book just had to be good.

"Splendor" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. R. F. C.

GENERAL GRANT, whose "Memoirs" made such a remarkable addition to the records of the Civil War had two stories included in his first draft of matter, that were omitted from the editions which were finally printed.

His son, General F. D. Grant, sent these to Mr. Rice for his book of "Reminiscences."

"Just after receiving my commission as lieutenant-general, the President called me aside to speak to me privately. After a brief reference to the military situation, he said he thought he could illustrate what he wanted to say by a story, which he related as follows: 'At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally, they found a monkey, by the name of Jocko, who said that he thought he could command their army if his tail could be made a little longer. So they got more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly, and then thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added, and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, and, there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued his call for more, and they kept on winding the additional tail about him until its weight broke him down.'

"I saw the point, and, rising from my chair, replied: 'Mr. President, I will not call for more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have.'

"Upon one occasion, when the President was at my head-quarters at City Point, I took him to see the work that had been done on the Dutch Gap Canal. After taking him around and showing him all the points of interest, explaining how, in blowing up one



Fulton Oursler, brilliant author of "The World's Delight"

portion of the work that was being excavated, the explosion had thrown the material back into, and filled up, a part already completed, he turned to me and said: "Grant, do you know what this reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Illinois, there was a blacksmith named —. One day, when he did not have much to do, he took a piece of soft iron that had been in his shop for some time, and for which he had no special use, and, starting up his fire, began to heat it. When he got it hot he carried it to the anvil and began to hammer it, rather thinking he would weld it into an agricultural implement. He pounded away for some time until he got it fashioned into some shape, when he discovered that the iron would not hold out to complete the implement he had in mind. He then put it back into the forge, heated it up again, and recommenced hammering, with an ill-defined notion that he would make a claw hammer, but after a time he came to the conclusion that there was more iron there

than was needed to form a hammer. Again he heated it, and thought he would make an axe. After hammering and welding it into shape, knocking the oxydized iron off in flakes, he concluded there was not enough of the iron left to make an axe that would be of any use. He was now getting tired and a little disgusted at the result of his various essays. So he filled his forge full of coal, and, after placing the iron in the center of the heap, took the bellows and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed with an oath, "Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle, anyhow'."

"I replied that I was afraid that was about what we had done with the Dutch Gap Canal."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

JOHN MASEFIELD'S rank among the poets of today has probably been pushed up a few notches higher with the publication of his new book "Midsummer Night and Other Tales in Verse." It is based on the legends of King Arthur and his Knights and meets the high standard of his other work.

The following lines from the book will show the beauty of feeling and diction—when Guinevere mourns Launcelot's death in a chapel by the sea:

"I had last seen him as a flag in air
A battle banner bidding men out-dare
Now he lay dead; old, old, with silver hair.

"I had not ever thought of him as old—
This hurt me most: his sword hand could not hold
Even the cross upon the sacking bold.

"He once so singing glad among the spears,
Lies where the rabbit browses with dropt ears
And shy foot stags come when the moon appears."

"Midsummer Night" is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.00.

FULTON OURSLER'S new book, "The World's Delight," which Harpers brought out this fall, is the story of a lovely young creole girl of the sixties who died at the age of thirty-three and whose short life was crammed with romance and adventure. Born Dolores Adios McCord, the heroine of this romantic biography changed her name to Adah Isaacs Menken when she changed her religion to become the wife of a Jew. She was an opera ballet dancer, circus queen, poet, tragedienne, adventurer, the wife of a famous prize-fighter, and

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The Elbert Hubbard I Knew

The sister of the late Elbert Hubbard, Mrs. Mary Heath, writes a book on the Distinguished Fra of Roycroft from the standpoint of a loving little sister who grew up with Elbert Hubbard, the big brother—Foreword to the book by Joe Mitchell Chapple

BIOGRAPHY marks the popular trend in books of the hour. We are all more or less biographers of our friends—we love to talk about them and—remember them. Fiction is but glorified or imaginative biography. Now that we have the “real story” of a man who was so impressive in his life work and so very real to his friends as Elbert Hubbard, we feel that we owe much to his younger sister, Mary, for giving us “The Elbert Hubbard I Knew.”

Beginning with a thorough study and research of Hubbard genealogy, she has in effect given us a new angle of the beloved “Fra,” with the sympathetic spirit of one who was with him in the home circles. Interesting facts, anecdotes and incidents threaded with sprightly comment on family affairs mark the beginning of the Elbert Hubbard whom she knew as a loving big brother, and whom the world recognized as a philosopher and seer. How refreshing it is to glimpse the series of simple stories associated with this typical American family! In Hubbardeque style, the author provides an insight into the early life of a distinguished American more vividly than is usual in conventional and critical analysis or adulation. All-revealing are the sidelights on Elbert Hubbard as a son and brother—his tender devotion towards his father and mother who remained close to him all during the latter part of their long and eventful lives. Even the eccentricities of the father indicated a “chip of the old block” and gave young Elbert a joy and a thrill which embarrassed others—but he understood—that may be why we love fathers and mothers—they understand us.

From the day of his birth at Bloomington, Illinois, the details of the early environment of Elbert Hubbard are given in graphic word pictures that include all the other members of the family with an unconsciousness that is refreshing, narrated in a manner that appeals to anyone who has ever felt the warmth of kinship in home ties. The chronicle keeps aglow “the fire of Penates” in the Hubbard household, and modestly illuminates the fame and name of Elbert Hubbard from a new angle. The narrative covers a period of mid-west life closely associated with that of Abraham Lincoln, and reflects the ruggedness of this pioneer existence. As time has enhanced the name of Lincoln, I find myself, with others, eagerly following up every mention of Elbert Hubbard and his work more and more as years pass—especially in discovering new incidents in his everyday life which impels in the average human a kind response.

As Elbert Hubbard interested so many humans, it is natural that these humans should be interested in what led up to the flowering of his full-orbed genius—whose life-book was closed all too soon. A practical idealism that called people away from the creeping illness of laziness to work, to think, to love, to play, to dream, to live! Reflections of those early scenes from which Elbert Hubbard in tender years gathered

upon his fame the supreme virtue of courage.

While he lived we thought much about Elbert Hubbard; for he was never shy about writing or talking about himself or his work; but it has remained for his sister, Mary Hubbard Heath, to add piquant personal interest to the never-waning interest of those who have read and admired the work of Elbert Hubbard. Out of her wealth of material she begins at the ancestral taproots and gives us a hitherto unknown source of supply of genius; for Elbert Hubbard had sturdy ancestors that had to do with the early settlement of New England and who continued in distinction in the early history of the Republic, following in the wake of the migration to the West.

Chatting one day with Elbert in the quiet shadows of his library at Roycroft, he took out a book containing yellow copy paper of his manuscript, interwoven with his corrections in purple ink. In his bantering way, he said to me:

“Here is some stuff that may live long after my chair is vacant. It’s great fun to imagine comments of future generations on what you admit are immortal thoughts on paper.”

Elbert Hubbard is one American who stands out as a pre-eminent genius, comparable to George Bernard Shaw. Like Shaw, Hubbard never took himself too seriously, even while praising his own work generously—even if it did involve being charged with egotism. He simply gave utterance to what others lacked the courage to say. Time has proven that he was a prophet; for the world is thinking, writing and talking more in the manner of Elbert Hubbard than it did in the days he lived.

Out of the dreams associated with incidents and anecdotes casually recorded in “The Elbert Hubbard I Knew,” matured the rich and rare experience of later years. Elbert Hubbard needs no encomium of praise for his epochal literary work. He had his share of praise and criticism, dating from the “Message to Garcia,” to his last written words before sailing on the ill-fated “Lusitania” in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen when he found his tomb in the fathomless deep.

It seems but yesterday that I looked into the twinkling black eyes of Elbert Hubbard and heard his musical voice now gay, now serious, but with kindly inflection, which has deepened in remembrance the affection for the man and admiration for his life work and ideals.

Through a telescope of tears we mourned the loss of his physical presence, but as the



The late Fra Elbert Hubbard

material for his incomparable descriptions of Nature and human nature, his ability to write “Little Journeys” that seemed like pilgrimages with him that never end. In his journey from youth to manhood, anecdote and details indicate how he absorbed and assimilated impressions that readers feel as they read. The boy, “Bert,” as he was called, a lover of Nature’s integrity, standing with his milk pail at the pasture gate; his love of horses and every living thing, made him a crusader against sham and pretence. Rugged experience of ups and downs, defeats and failures, led him on to the paths of enduring eminence; the love of art born amid the drab surroundings in the home in a prairie state; his passion for the rugged handicraft and emulation of the sturdy and enduring virtues of the great-minded leaders of the past, enabled him to look forward into the future in that fearless “don’t give a dam” way—that stamps

years come and go, any one who ever read his books, or heard him speak, or even passed him on the street, can never forget the towering individuality associated with



Mrs. Mary Hubbard Heath, author of "The Elbert Hubbard I Knew"

Fra Hubbard, the Founder of *The Philistine*, and *Roycroft*, which has followed on through the tireless devoted work of his son and namesake, Elbert Hubbard II.

In his apparently facetious manner he organized "The Immortals" and not only wrote lines that will live on through the years, but left a perennial heritage of intellectual tonic in the printed pages of his books.

Millions knew Elbert Hubbard while yet he lived and wrote and that was before the days of radio.

Other millions have come under the fascinating inspiration of his brilliant mind; but the ones who knew the full stature of Elbert Hubbard's greatness were those who came in contact with him in the formative years of his life. It has remained for this younger sister, Mary Hubbard Heath, to give us family history that glows with reality. Much material overlooked has been garnered that is essential in a comprehensive appreciation of the man, Elbert Hubbard.

Without pretence of writing a book featured as biography, she has given to the world those rare and intimate touches of family life that makes the reader feel a deeper affection and broadened admiration for Elbert Hubbard and his work. Somehow I feel that I have had a peep into the magic sanctuary of the home and youth of Elbert Hubbard where his career foreshadowed the cheery voice still echoing the welcome "Come in and meet the folks!"

Put aside the impulse to read the last chapter to see how it ends—and you will find the closing scenes of "The Elbert Hubbard I Knew" coming to you like a benediction. It is a touching, heart-throbbing description of a characteristic parting from Elbert Hubbard. With a wave of his hand and a cheery smile, he bade the family "Good-bye" on his last journey on earth. The hours of suspense that followed! The aged mother at her own mother's grave in the grief of losing her beloved son! The father, watching at the gates!

Tributes and eulogies from the Eminent all over the world were later paid to the

memory of Elbert Hubbard. I was present at the Memorial Exercises at Roycroft, in the dark hour of a realization that the physical form of Elbert Hubbard would never appear among us again; but the picture that remains is described by the sister when the little family circle gathered to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm and the stirring words that the Fra had written concerning Beethoven to inspire others, is a most impressive finale of an intensely human estimate of the real Elbert Hubbard as his sister and the family knew him. The father on the borderland of the Unknown insisted as they said Good-night in the floodtide of grief, "Elbert was with



Elbert Hubbard II

us too," reflecting a sublime faith in immortality which included the immortality of a son and brother—the Elbert Hubbard who lives on in the hearts of Mankind.

A Vendetta of the Hills

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"But I agree with Buck that oil's oil, and I, for one, intend to take everything that's comin' to me. My God, we can afford to buy Ben Thurston out and do some drillin' for ourselves on San Antonio Rancho. It'll help pass the time anyways." As he finished, he began to pour out another round of drinks.

"Help to keep from the booze," muttered Buck in an inaudible aside. But he drained his own glass and smacked his lips in satisfaction. "Guess I'll be gettin' another bottle, boys," he said aloud genially.

"Oh, we've had enough," mildly protested Munson.

"Not by a jugful," replied Buck. "You and Jack ain't goin' to ride home till mornin', and there's lots of things to be talked over yet."

"Great Scott, it's already two o'clock," remarked Munson, consulting his watch.

"Then the night's still young, boys," exclaimed Tom Baker hilariously. "Get the brew, Buck. The empty bottles will keep the tally. Come on, lieutenant, drain your glass. No heel taps in this crowd."

They started their conversation in low tones so as not to disturb the slumbers

of Pierre Luzon. But this precaution, or act of delicate consideration, had been long since forgotten. They were talking loud now, and often all together, and when Buck Ashley had returned from yet another pilgrimage to the store, none heard or noticed the door of the bedroom being cautiously pushed open by just the fraction of an inch.

All four chairs had been again drawn around the cheerful log fire.

"You were talking, Tom, of buying out Ben Thurston," remarked Jack Rover. "Then you haven't heard there's an option been given to a Los Angeles syndicate? Guess maybe Ben Thurston won't be the owner of the big rancho very much longer."

"And a good job, too," replied the sheriff, as he helped himself to yet another drink.

Buck Ashley shook his head incredulously. "Oh, lots of fellers have paid down money for an option, as they call it, on the Thurston property, and finally when the rub came they didn't come across and live up to their bargain, and so they just naturally lost their option money."

"I was talking to a geologist," intervened Munson, in whose mind the oil question seemed to be still uppermost, "and he says there is every indication that the Midway Oil fields, a few miles north, are not one whit better than wells that can be opened up right here."

* * *

"But what's the use," said Tom Baker, "of all the oil fields in California to us fellers if we are about to be let into the secret door of a big cavern where they've got twelve or fifteen millions of twenty-dollar gold pieces stacked up, jest awaitin' for us to take 'em." The whiskey was beginning to do its work; he had already forgotten his aspirations of being an oil king.

"That's right," said Jack Rover, "and don't forget, while you're counting them twenty-dollar gold pieces, that Pierre Luzon has promised to show us the shallow raffle in the mountain stream where Guadalupe gets all that placer gold." In the cowboy's case the alcohol was making only still more fixed the one fixed idea in his brain.

"Damn this store business anyway," said Buck Ashley, inconsequentially re-

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A Christmas Thought on Old Age Pensions

A startling presentation of facts concerning the condition of sturdy, honest citizens of prosperous America, who have made a heroic fight to provide for old age—and failed

By EDNA A. FOSTER

NOT very long ago I listened to a stirring speech made in the House of Representatives at Washington. I joined in the applause; I agreed with the speaker and I made note that more attention was given to that plea than to any other in several months. Then, like many others, I allowed the subject to pass from my thoughts—at least it was relegated to the back of my mind where it lay under the promise that some day I would bring it forth and say something about it. We all have storehouses of the mind.

It was not until that speech came to me in printed form that I realized its full significance. It was the statistics that I found overwhelming. I realize that agitation of a subject is accomplished in different ways; by tragic circumstance or by the inspiration of an individual or a group; but as this is an age of investigation, statistics are more potent to the inquiring mind.

Just a few facts regarding old-age dependency make us wonder if—as the Senator asks—in this great prosperous age—we are keeping step with some other countries in humanitarian matters.

Take old age-pensions which are found in successful operation in every other country with the exception of China, India and the United States. That fact alone makes us wonder if we are marching with the right army.

To quote from the moving speech of Hon. William I. Sirovich—the man responsible for a bill to go before the house. He said,—“What are some of the causes of old age dependency? First and foremost is the impairment of good health. Sickness and disease exact a terrible toll. In old age the resistance of a person is diminished and he becomes susceptible to the ravages that come in the wake of vocational and industrial pursuits. Pneumonia among the steel workers; rheumatism and heart lesions from wet occupations; asthma among fur workers and countless other maladies. Unfortunate business adventures, the failure of banks and high-pressured salesmanship have ruined many fathers and mothers. The greatest curse of old age is, however, unemployment, and there is the lack, too, of family connections,—often the ingratitude of children.

During the period from 1910 to 1920—a period of ten years,—there were more men and women maimed and crippled in the

industries of the United States than was lost in all the wars of our nation from the time of the American Revolution down to the World War.”

These statistics are authentic and were given after a most careful investigation. Such facts lead on to ask what is being

fund—the amount varying from two to five per cent. The employers give a like amount and the government the remaining third. At sixty-five the worker becomes a beneficiary. Twenty-eight nations of Europe have adopted this method,—most prominent among them are France, Germany and England.

The second form of pension under which ten Europe nations act is called the noncontributory pension; the system calls for no contribution but is a benefit conferred for the interest they have had in industry. His industry does not throw him away as a wreck upon the ocean of life. Denmark, New Zealand, Australia, Canada and Iceland have this method in operation.

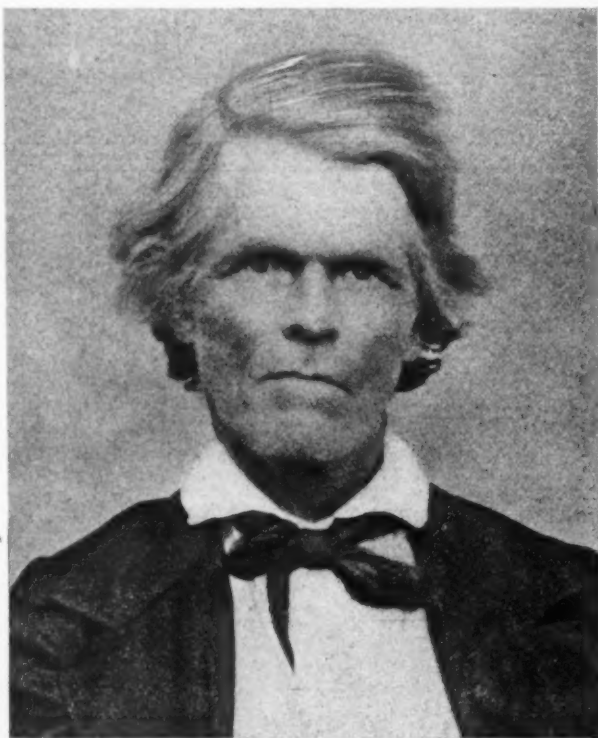
The third form is known as the voluntary savings type under which an individual puts away a sum every week in one of the postal savings of the government and the government contributes a subsidy to equal it. The individual cannot use the sum until he is sixty-five. The nation which started this is Spain and today Japan is adopting it.

To again quote Mr. Sirovich,—“We thus have the wholesome spectacle of forty-two nations of the world interested in the preservation of human life. The only three nations of the world that have not adopted the principle of old-age pension are China, India and the United States. I am making the plea that our country withdraws from the company that

it is keeping and goes forward with the civilized world.

“If we are to march with the great nations in the matters of world peace and naval armament and militaristic standards we should march with them side by side in the protection of our old people.”

“There are today over five and one half million people past sixty-five in the United States,” Mr. Sirovich continues. Two million are between sixty-five and seventy and a million between seventy-five and eighty. The number of our old people is greater than the population of the whole original thirteen colonies. In a study made by the Department of Labor in 1925 when 2183 almshouses were investigated, it was found that there were 85,889 old fathers and mothers past the age of sixty-five. The total cost of these almshouses represented an investment of two hundred million.



Joe Mitchell, the sainted grandfather who launched an old-age pension seventy years ago

done in our country and in the civilized countries of the world.

Germany was the first country to start the movement for old-age pensions; this was done under the influence of the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, in 1889. Now there are twenty million workers enrolled who, when their time comes, will be the recipients of an old-age pension—a thing that will make them love and respect their fatherland.

Next came England, under Lord Asquith who introduced a noncontributory form of insurance. Four years ago modifications were made in the bill to follow German methods.

There are three forms of old-age pension. The first is called the compulsory contributory form—that is each worker from sixteen to sixty-five contributes a part of his income to the general national



"AN' THE GOBBLE-UNS 'LL GIT YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT"

Riley inscribed his poem "Little Orphan Annie" in these affectionate lines:

"To all the little children:—the happy ones; and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous and glad ones;
The good ones—Yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones"

Why Riley Won the Child Heart

Characters created by the late James Whitcomb Riley are very real to children at the Christmastide—"Out To Old Aunt Mary's"—"Goblins 'll git you" and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" are three classics by the Hoosier poet that are read with Christmas memories

AS long as people love and remember the poems of James Whitcomb Riley that strike the heart chord of the American home, Christmas will remain Christmas. The Hoosier poet was first of all a favorite with the children and continued a favorite with those children on through life, for Riley seemed to have a heart poem for every human mood adapted to the seven ages of life described by Shakespeare.

The outstanding memory to me of James Whitcomb Riley was the celebration of his birthday in his home city of Indianapolis at the Shrine temple, in which five thousand children participated and poured out upon him the affection of youth. This memorable event recalled the time when I first met Riley, after he had delivered a lecture at Tremont Temple in Boston. On the platform with him were Julia Ward Howe, author of the "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Man without a Country" to say nothing of many other eminent authors who were then shining lights in the galaxy of the New England school of literature. Then and there they placed a laurel on the brow of Riley as the successor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In my notes of that occasion, I find that the first word was concerning the dialect in which he wrote and spoke so well.

"Did you have difficulty at first with the dialect?" I inquired.

"It is just like writing music, as I remembered the way the old folks talked—it would write itself.

"My first pen name was 'Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone.' I was not quite sure whether I wanted to be known as a writer at that time—and my apprehension of age was that I would become bald-headed."

His hair was then sparse a'top, but what remained was carefully parked and parted in the middle. The tinge of the red of youth remained. In the drawl of the dialect he recorded, with his clear gray eyes glowing, he presented a copy of his own favorite poem titled "True Love" in his own handwriting which he gave me for the "Heart Throbs" book.

"Never write above here," he said, and he placed his hand on his heart. "There are few who will read what you write far up here and they are not always at home" he said, pointing to his head but "the heart is the common denominator."

Then in the height of his fame he showed me some proofs of the poem "That Old

Sweetheart of Mine." "I have revised the verse over and over. Never grow tired of the new proofs." There was a look in his blue eyes at that time that mirrored the scenes with that real "sweetheart of mine."

In answer to the query as to how he had become a poet, he said:

"The situation confronted me—am I to be a poet and suffer for it, or just a newspaper man or writer and be paid for it?" There were letters from an old sweetheart that threw a light upon this decision. She urged him to be true to the Muse because she believed in his genius.

"The thrill of my life was when I received that letter from Longfellow, commending my verse. Longfellow was my dream, my idol. To think that the author of 'Evangeline' and the 'Psalm of Life,' then in the height of his fame, should recognize my vagrant verse was a real joy."

He turned and looked into the fireplace. His right arm was then paralyzed, but his eyes gleamed bright with the glow of reminiscence.

"How did you feel when you were forty-six?" I asked him on my forty-sixth birthday.

"I was never forty-six—never more than twenty-six until this came a few years ago. I lived my life at the pace of twenty-six. Memories of boyhood stand out with the depth of a stereopticon view. Incidents of my childhood are an unfailing source of inspiration. In the moments of lonesome-

the rubber end of the pencil, erasing, than I do with the point."

Before the fireplace in Lockerbie Street, Mr. Riley told me one Christmas time of how as a tiny lad he was sent to school and then "sent back again," as he was very restive under iron discipline.



*Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?*

ness, what a joy just living over the old days and Christmas times.

"And children, God bless them! They just lived with me—it seemed that I was a man with a large family. The wonderment in their faces and the sparkle in the eye when I told them stories were the greatest honors any audience ever bestowed upon me."

When I saw him revising and revising his proofs I asked him how many times he corrected his manuscript. "I never cease," he said, "sometimes I seem to do more with

"This first teacher of mine was a little old woman, rosy and roly-poly, who looked as though she might have just come tumbling out of a fairy story, so lovable was she and so jolly and so amiable. She was a mother to all her 'scholars' and in every way looked after their comfort, especially when certain little ones grew drowsy. I was often, with others, carried to the sitting-room and left to slumber on a small made-down pallet on the floor. She would sometimes take three or four of us together."

Do you wonder that a poet with such memories of childhood would fail to win the hearts of children?

Continuing reminiscences of his childhood days, Riley has recorded:

"There was but one book at school in which I found the slightest interest—McGuffey's old leather-bound Reader. It was the tallest book known, and to the boys of my size it was a matter of eternal wonder how I could belong 'to the big class in that reader.' When we were to read the death of 'Little Nell,' I would run away, for I knew it would make me cry, that the other boys would laugh at me, and the whole thing would become ridiculous. I couldn't bear that. A later teacher, Captain Lee O. Harris, came to understand me with thorough sympathy, took compassion on my weaknesses and encouraged me to read the best literature. He understood that he couldn't get numbers into my head. You couldn't stamp them in! History I also disliked as a dry thing without juice, and dates melted out of my memory as speedily as tin-foil on a red-hot stove. But I always was ready to declaim and took natively to anything dramatic or theatrical. Captain Harris encouraged me in recitation and reading and had ever the sweet spirit of a companion rather than the manner of an instructor."

Riley's early love of poetry was indicated in the first book he ever purchased. It cost twenty-five cents and a real sacrifice. It was titled Francis Quarles' "Divine Emblems" which he carried around all day long delighted with the feel of it.

"What have you got there, Bub?" some one would ask. "A book" he would reply. "What kind of a book?" "Poetry book." "Poetry!" would be the amused exclamation. "Can you read poetry?" and, embarrassed, he would shake his head and make his escape, but—"I held on to the beloved little volume" concluded Riley.

His father was a lawyer and he often went with him to the courthouse and acquired the nickname of "Judge Wick." He mingled among the court people, "sued and unsued" and witnessed scenes that took firm root in his heart.

Shortly after his sixteenth birthday, young Riley turned his back on the little schoolhouse. In dreams he wandered through the various fields of art and thought he might become a great painter, but making merry with the banjo, guitar and violin he finally landed as bass drummer in the "Brass Band" which gave him the atmosphere for one of his early poems.

"Then I wanted to travel with a circus and dangle my legs over the back seat of a golden chariot," he continued. "In a dearth of comic songs I had written several which gave me the idea that I might become a clown and be introduced as a character songman and composer of my own ballads."

With a hearty laugh, Riley used to tell how he traveled with a medicine man because his health was very, very bad and the family doctor said he should travel.

"I must have had gypsy blood in my veins, for I just left without saying anything to anyone and manipulated the black-

boards for the doctor during our street lectures and concerts. I assisted in the musical olio with dialect recitations and character sketches from the back step of the wagon, which I wrote on dull Sundays in little towns while the church bells seemed to bark at me."

On returning to Greenfield after a profitless tour, he became a local editor and here began the publication of Riley poems. They traveled to Indianapolis, then on over the country, until his name became known as the most popular newspaper poet of his time.

The call to the platform was so insistent that Riley could not resist, despite his modesty and shyness. In referring to this, he said:

"In boyhood I had been vividly impressed with Dickens' success in reading from his own works and dreamed that some day I might follow his example. At first I read at Sunday-school entertainments and later, on special occasions such as Memorial Days and Fourth of Julys. At last I mustered up sufficient courage to read in a city theater, where, despite the conspiracy of a rainy night and a circus, I got encouragement enough to lead me to extend my efforts. And so, my native state then the country at large were called upon to bear with me and I think I visited every sequestered spot north or south particularly distinguished for poor railroad connections. At different times, I shared the program with Mark Twain, Robert J. Burdette and George Cable, and for a while my gentlest and cheeriest of friends, Bill Nye, joined with me and made the dusty detested travel almost a delight. We were constantly playing practical jokes on each other or indulging in some mischievous banter before the audience.

"On one occasion, Mr. Nye, coming before the footlights for a word of general introduction, said 'Ladies and gentlemen, the entertainment tonight is of a dual nature. Mr. Riley and I will speak alternately. First I come out and talk until I get tired, then Mr. Riley comes out and talks until *you* get tired.' And thus the trips went merrily enough at times and besides I learned to know in Bill Nye a man blessed with as noble and heroic a heart as ever beat.

"All this time I had been writing whenever there was any strength left in me. I could not resist the inclination to write. It was what I most enjoyed doing."

Further speaking of his earlier works he said:

"In my readings I had an opportunity to study and find out for myself what the public wants, and afterward I would endeavor to use the knowledge gained in my writing. The public desires nothing but what is absolutely natural, and so perfectly natural as to be fairly artless. It cannot tolerate affectation, and it takes little interest in the classical production. It demands simple sentiments that come direct from the heart."

There is a treasure in my "Attic" library, a Riley book which he autographed "To my friend Joe Heart Throbs, affectionately and



*A face of lily-beauty and a form
of airy grace, Floats out of
my tobacco as the Genii from
the vase; And I thrill beneath
the glances of a pair
of azure eyes As glowing
as the summer
and as tender as
the skies.*

*An old sweetheart of mine!—Is this her presence here with me,
Or but a vain creation of a lover's memory?
A fair, illusive vision that would vanish into air,
Dared I even touch the silence with the whisper of a prayer?*

gratefully." The words were written with an indelible lead pencil with his left hand, after laborious effort. Those lines, written in the last days of his life, shine out like letters of gold, brighter than ever in the glow of each recurring Yuletide.

When Riley made his first appearance in New York City he was introduced by James Russell Lowell, who insisted that the Manhattan audience would soon be listening to the voice of a real poet, and confessed his sense of loss that he had not made the acquaintance of his work

long before he did, declaring that his poems would live as long as human hearts beat.

Although he never married, the little house on Lockerbie Street had all the halo of a home, hidden away between two unpaved and covered entirely in less than commanding avenues in a restful spot. The street itself is little more than a lane, five minutes' walk. There were the hollyhocks and the wild roses, and the path was worn by children and friends who loved the poet in his home retreat.

Verse That Inspires in Everyday Affairs

Every season has its floodtide of poetic impulse—Emotions crystalized by the poets find a response in almost every mood of humans. Sunday and sundry thoughts on poems of the seasons

CHRISTMAS time always suggests the tender and sweet memories that are associated with poetic expressions. In a radio talk the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE provided his hearers with a menu of poetic expressions which were given him by many prominent people as lying closest to their hearts in the mellow memories of the day set aside for giving gifts.

While some poems were not given in their entirety it was amazing to find in the letters such a universal familiarity with verse that has inspired and fits almost every human mood and emotion. The range covers almost every form of human activity and is associated with people who have made a success of their work. While poets may not reap the full reward of the good thoughts and good deeds inspired there is a growing appreciation of the fact that a country without poets or dreamers is poor indeed, no matter what figures may represent its material wealth.

Cecil DeMille, the motion picture director, whom I met when he was making his great picture "The King of Kings" selected Kipling's "If."

"If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgetting minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
And which is more—you'll be a MAN, my son.

And the beloved Henry Van Dyke, whose own poem "Hide and Seek" has been a heart throb to so many people, told me of "The Mother's Dream" by William Barnes, as his favorite. He says: "Anyone who has lost a dear child must feel the simple beauty of this poem. That was the way it came to me thirty years ago."

Rex Beach, the popular author, chose Hudson Maxim's lines which present a picture that brings shivers as well as sentiment:

"A whirr of dust is sweeping the hill,
Between the gray dawn and the huge black mill.
There's a drift of rags and of skinny bones,
With skeleton feet on the ruthless stones.
What specters are these in the witching light,
This ghostly rear-guard of the night,
Wearily treading the trail of the dark,

Arousing the morn before the lark?
What wights are they, so gaunt and lean,
With lagging pace and drowsy mien,
Who under the dim lamp's flickering glow
Wind into the cavernous mill below?
A sortie of ghouls aloose from the tomb,
Or a rabble of wraiths begot of the gloom?

No—goblins and ghouls such task would shirk—
It is only the children going to work!

Will Hodge, that popular "Man from Home" who is now playing in "Straight Thru the Door" chose "Home Light,"—that last verse comes like a benediction:

"And when at evenfall, the stars
Dark hills of heaven jet,
They are not stars to me, but lamps
That waiting mothers set
On window-sills
Of heaven—
That we may not forget!"

Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, the once immigrant boy, now a member of the President's cabinet, closed the door of his office when he gave me his heart throb and sang a refrain that will touch your hearts. Listen!

"Home, sweet, sweet home."

DeWolf Hopper insisted on reciting "Casey at the Bat" and then when I demurred he replied rather facetiously: "I have been mercifully spared from Heart Throbs all my life which have bombarded you."

I can hear Billy Sunday's husky voice repeating the lines of Whittier in the forests of his Mt. Hood valley home in Oregon.

"Ah, well, for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from mortal eyes
And, in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from the grave away!"

John D. Rockefeller sent me in a poem written by himself:

"I was early taught to work as well as play,
My life has been one long happy holiday;
Full of work and full of play—
I dropped the worry on the way—
And God was good to me every day."

Now who will say that the poetry market is not booming!

Then that little maid from Melrose who leaped from the pinafores of a school girl to the robes of a prima donna, Geraldine Farrar, confided to me that Heine's "Thou art like a flower" appeals particularly to her for its loveliness and simplicity, and not only for euphony but for lyrical beauty as well.

E. F. Albee, head of the Keith theatres,

champions verses that tell a dramatic story of the Master's coming, a poem of unusual pathos and beauty.

General Frank Hines, head of the Veterans Bureau, of which we are reminded as in memory of our soldier boys who went overseas, sent in "The Bridge Builder" saying that it always impressed him, particularly from the standpoint of our today's work and plans in connection with future generations. It was written by Will Allen Dromgoole:

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim:
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim, near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,

"There followeth after me today
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He too must cross in the twilight dim:
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

Pussyfoot Johnson, who lost his eye in a temperance crusade, but sees straight with the other, gave me a passage from the Koran:

"He who relies upon God takes hold of a rope that never breaks."

This reminds me of my visit to Bagdad, where I looked upon the scenes where the student Omar Khayyam wrote and dreamed. Later I stood at his tomb at Nishapur where the roses bloomed over the grave of the author of the Rubaiyat, a poem that has been read and reread in many languages because

it touches the heart universal:
The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety or Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

While in the Black Hills when President Coolidge was recreating I met Gutzon Borglum as he was about to begin his great statues of Washington and Lincoln covering the side of a mountain with figures two hundred feet high. This sculptor genius, as he took the chisel in his hand to begin this gigantic masterpiece of his life which

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The New Book "A Rose to the Living"

Nixon Waterman's new book contains many of his latest as well as his well-known poems and he titles it with his poetic lines known to millions

AN event of more than usual interest to the reading public is the bringing forth of the new book "A Rose to the Living and Other Poems," by Nixon Waterman, of whom the *Musical Messenger* says: "He is the kind of poet Abraham Lincoln would have liked." If this criticism means that the poems are full of deep heart sentiment dashed with a glow of wholesome humor and human sympathy, it is well expressed. In this new volume the best poems from a half-dozen other popular books of verse by Mr. Waterman appear along with a still larger assemblage of new subjects now under cover for the first time. In these new poems, as in the old, appreciative readers will find a high order of poetic imagery and finished literary craftsmanship.

But few poems of the more recent years have become known to so many people as has the one giving title to this volume: "A Rose to the Living." This poem, the opening lines of which are so familiar to so many persons—

"A Rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to
the dead"

so adequately expresses the sentiment in every human breast, it is small wonder that it has been published in every worthwhile country and language in the world. Many others of a serious, humorous, whimsical, or inspirational character included in the volume are nearly as well known. "The Sculptor," inspired by watching the poet's long-time neighbor, Cyrus E. Dallin, evolving his masterpiece, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," which stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston, is one of the notable titles. Doubtless the reader will call to mind the opening lines—

"I am the sculptor, I, myself,
the clay
Of which I am to fashion, as
I will,
In deed and in desire, day by
day,
The pattern of my purpose,
good or ill."

"In breathless bronze nor the insensate stone
Must my enduring purpose find its goal;
Within the living statue I enthrone
The essence of eternity, the soul."

The poet, Dryden, must have had Nixon Waterman in his prophetic mind's eye when he wrote:

"Happy is he who in his verse can steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe."

Surely the author of "A Rose to the Living" does this with a facility that few writers possess. Notwithstanding the fact that

many of our poets—Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson, Milton and others—took themselves and life altogether very seriously, Mr. Waterman justifies his adventures into both serious and humorous poetry by calling attention to his erstwhile competitor, William Shakespeare, who wrote both tragedies and comedies, and all with a degree of success that has made his name the pride and wonder of the world. While a goodly portion of Mr. Waterman's new volume is devoted to what may be truly called "serious poetry," there are no less pleasing portions

of the book filled with poems under the subtitles, "In Lighter Vein," "Sonnets," "Quatrains," "Sonnets of a Budding Bard," "Autumn Love" (a cluster of lyrics to prove that many married pairs do remain lovers "till death us do part") and "Immortal Youth" which includes the widely quoted "Johnny's Histr'y Lesson," "The Second Table," and other juvenile favorites. But few bits of light verse have been more widely and hilariously enjoyed than Mr. Waterman's lines depicting the efforts of the wedded pair of moderate means trying to carry on in the smallest possible of city quarters, set forth in the lines captioned, "Compressed Housekeeping." One of the many clever stanzas will be sufficient to show the very serious necessity of conserving space—

"Our dog, when first we got him,
upset things whene'er he
tried
To wag his tail as dogs will do,
you know, from side to
side,
But soon he saw that such a
course would cause us all
to frown
And now, when he would wag
his tail, he does it up and
down."

In both his serious as well as humorous sonnets, Mr. Waterman shows great facility in rhyming this conventional form of verse. He, it may be said parenthetically, was the first writer ever to have published in the *Century Magazine*, a humorous sonnet. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, considered the



Nixon Waterman, Poet and Author of "A Rose to the Living"



Tickleweed and Feathers



DAD," said the small boy, "what does 'diplomatic phraseology' mean?"

"My son, if you tell a girl that her face would stop a clock, that is rudeness, but if you tell her that time stands still when you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy."

Mrs. Ponsonby—Yes, my boy is taking medicine at the university.

Mrs. Grimes—Poor boy! What's wrong with him?

"I was stumped today," remarked the first doc.

"Yeah?" politely inquired the other.

"Yes, I wanted to write a prescription and hadn't the slightest idea what the Latin for sandwich was."

"I understand Jones has two cars now."

"Yes, there wasn't room for all the accessories on just one."

A newspaper publisher offered a prize for the best answer to the conundrum:

"Why is a newspaper like a woman?"

The prize was won by a woman who sent in this answer:

"Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbor's."

To the applicant for the job of porter at the city office the usual question was put regarding his last place, and he replied: "A bank, sir."

"And did you clean the place out?"

"No, sir. It was the head cashier who got seven years."

Barber: "Shall I clip the ends of your hair off, sir?"

Customer: "No thank you—one end only."

"You don't mean to say," said the fat, red-faced woman, "that you won't give me my money back for this book just because I've read it? You know you advertise that—"

"Just a moment, please," said the clerk. "What's the matter with the book? Is it that the cover is marred, the print imperfect, or anything like that?"

"No."

"Then why are you not satisfied with the story?"

"Why, I don't like the way it ends."

George: "Do you believe in clubs for women?"

Earl: "Yes, if kindness fails."

Servant Girl: "Madam, master lies unconscious in the hall with a piece of paper in his hand and a large box alongside."

Mme. X (joyously). "Oh, my new hat has arrived."

She (sarcastically). "I guess maybe you prefer the other type of woman who doesn't talk so much."

He: "What other type?"

Landlady: "Do you like your beef this rare, Miss Prim?"

Boarder: "Since you ask me, it is too rare—I would like it a little oftener."

"Let me see. I have the shirt on with the plain laundry mark. Ditto the collar. I have the suit on with my tailor's name in it, and the bill in my pocket. I have six letters that came in the day's mail. Also my bank book. Then besides, Billy Magoon, who is going to bring his brother, who is going to bring his brother-in-law, who is going to bring his uncle, who knows the superintendent of mails, is to meet me at the post office at 1 o'clock. So I don't suppose I will have any trouble cashing that dollar-and-a-half money order."—*Life*.

Jones was at an amusement park and he gave his small niece a nickel to buy a "hot dog." When she went over to the stand she was told that the price was 10 cents.

"Oh," she replied. "Then I'll just have a puppy."—*Indianapolis News*.

"Yes, I used to shoot tigers in Africa," said the big game hunter.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the zoologist.

"There are no tigers in Africa."

"Granted—I shot them all."

Maggie: "Did you see in the paper that a loving couple were poisoned through eating chocolates?"

Jock: "I fancy I did, lass, but what about it?"

Maggie: "Nothing, except that I was thinking—er—er—how safe we are!"

Patient (at lunatic asylum): "We like you better than the last doctor."

New Doctor (flattered): "How is that?"

Patient: "You seem more like one of us."

Stranger—"Do you have to see a doctor before you get liquor in this town?"

Native—"No; afterwards."

"The play isn't at all true to life. The wife continually asks for money."

"Which is quite natural."

"But she gets it."—*New York World*.

She was very literary, and he was not.

He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books, of which he knew less.

Presently the maiden asked archly:

"Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out happily:

"I've—I've read Romeo!"

—*Philadelphia Times*.

The old cronies were chatting on the front porch one evening at dusk. One remarked that he had a headache and the other, reaching in his watch pocket, said: "Here, take this tablet." The effect was rapid and soon the complaining one felt better.

The next day the stenographer for the one who provided relief noticed the absence of a button from her employer's vest and mentioned the fact, volunteering at the same time to replace it.

It was then the business man remembered salvaging the dangling button the day before, and promptly reached in his pocket and produced a medicated tablet.—*Indianapolis News*.

It is an editorial truism that when verses have to be declined with thanks, as is frequently the case, it is unwise to give reasons for the rejection. You simply cannot argue with a poet. But editors are human, after all, and sometimes they do not live up to their exalted principles. The story goes that there came to a magazine office not long ago the metrical outpouring of a feminine soul, entitled "I wonder If He'll Miss Me!" The editor read the effusion with constantly increasing depression and then scrawled on the rejection slip that accompanied the returned manuscript: "If he does, he ought never to be trusted with firearms again."—*The Cablegram*.

If you think the day of miracles has passed, just stand outside the door of a beauty parlor.

Cora: "I wonder why he's a bachelor?"

Dora: "Oh, he didn't have a car when he was young."

Verse That Inspires in Every Day Affairs

Continued from page 142

will remain in God's open under the vaulted skies, enduring as the granite he is carving, repeated Henley's soulful lines of "Invictus"

"I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul"

Among the prime favorites sent in by hundreds of people are Sam Walter Foss's "House by the Side of the Road," "Gray's Elegy," Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and many of James Whitcomb Riley's and Edgar Guest's poems. All of these heart jewels came to me out of the perplexities of life. We often wonder why the sad and pathetic appeals to the poet.

A Christmas Thought on Old Age Pensions

Continued from page 138

Figured down it means that the cost of food maintenance for each individual is 439.76, of the 2183 almshouses 32 per cent went as administrative expense, 38 per cent for operation of the plant and 30 per cent went for inmate's maintenance. In other words, out of every dollar contributed to almshouses 70 per cent goes for administrative and operative expense while only thirty per cent goes to the inmate.

"In these almshouses are huddled the feeble minded, the epileptic, the crippled, the imbecile, the abandoned child of the unmarried mother, the broken down criminal, the chronic drunkard, the old toilers and neglected fathers and mothers. Veterans of dissipation and veterans of industry living under one roof. Is it fair? Is it just? Is it humane?"

In ten years the principles of old age pensions have been approved in eleven states of the Union. The states of Wisconsin, Montana and Territory of Alaska are so operating. Eight states have passed legislation on the subject—Colorado, Nevada, Arizona, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and in the state of California the legislature passed such a bill only to have it vetoed by the governor. In Pennsylvania where the most thorough investigation was made, just as the bill was about to pass, the State declared the bill unconstitutional. In fourteen states a commission to investigate the subject has been established.

In the states that have put the principles into effect it has been proven that—roughly speaking, it is cheaper to maintain the dependent in his own home. In Pennsylvania it was found that three old mothers and fathers could be taken care of in their own homes for the same amount that one person is cared for in an institution. In Montana and Wisconsin it was found that to provide comforts for old fathers and mothers in their own homes taxes placed upon each meant a cost of two cents a month.

"Just as we pension the veteran for his patriotism," continued Mr. Sirovich, "in time of war, we should pension through the principle of old-age security the old father



BIG AND LITTLE, RICH AND POOR, CAN PROJECT THEIR PERSONALITIES OVER THE WIDE NETWORK OF ITS WIRES

In the service of all the people

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



THE Bell System is owned by 450,000 stockholders and operated by more than 400,000 workers for the service of the people of the nation.

It is a democratic instrument of a democracy. Big and little, rich and poor, can project their personalities over the wide network of its wires. For friendship or business, pleasure or profit, the telephone is indispensable to our modern civilization.

This year the Bell System is erecting new telephone buildings in more than

200 cities. It is putting in thousands of miles of cable, thousands of sections of switchboard and hundreds of thousands of new telephones. Its expenditure for plant and improvements in service in 1929 will be more than 550 millions of dollars—half again as much as it cost to build the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

and mother who have battled for our happiness and our success in times of peace. I want to see America marching with England and France and Germany, not only on the basis of military armament but on the basis of humanitarian armament that would make the world safe for humanity to live in peace, tranquility and happiness until Divine Providence calls them to rest in eternal sleep."

Re-reading this speech I found that nothing was lost by the omission of the voice, nor the sympathy of the body of listeners. I was moved by the facts,—plain statistics that left no room for doubt and argument.

The twentieth century has seen the de-

velopment of science, almost the working of miracles; it would seem as if the minds of men were opening new layers of ingenuity; devices that make for sane wholesome existence have come into common use; luxuries, cultural agencies and new pleasures have become the possession of the people; but, on the other hand, the question often arises—and should arise—whether if, after all we are going forward spiritually and if our prosperity is somewhat blinding. These facts regarding the unavoidable dependency of the aged should stir every heart until one emancipator shall appear and become our leader in a great movement—that of caring for those who cannot care for themselves.

The New Book "A Rose to the Living"

Continued from page 143

sonnet form something too serious and profound, to associate it with humor; but the humor embodied in the "Sonnets of a Budding Bard," embraced in this new volume, was such that Mr. Gilder was compelled to break his rule and publish them. When has a trait of whimsical human nature been more cleverly set forth than that depicted in these "Lines Wrote Whilst Thinkin' About How Pa Acts When Dressin' Up?"

Whilst pa and ma are dressin' up to go
To church or somewhere,—so I've heard ma tell

The neighbor women,—pa tears 'round pell-mell
And turns things upside down, and wants to know

Who hid his clothes! and makes ma stop and show

Him where to find them. Ma she know'st full well

They're where he's kept them since he camest to dwell

In our house, that's been twenty years or so.

And when ma's don't her level best to try
To help pa so he wilt not fuss and fret
And found his clothes, shoes, collar, cuffs and tie,

And there ain't nothin' more for her to get,
Pa looks at her and with an awful sigh,
Says, "Thunderation; Ain't you ready yet?"

That the writer of such feather-weight sonnets can do serious ones as well is shown by the inclusion in Mr. Waterman's volume of a number of such sonnets as this one—

Fate sometimes sends a famine, sometimes sends

A pestilence: sometimes, with wrath unpent,
A hero, for mankind's sore chastisement.

So came Napoleon whose name offends
A peaceful world, to waste a million men's

Warm flesh for cannon-food: with calm content

He ploughed through fields wet with red lifeblood spent

That he, grim shape; might gain his selfish ends.

Yet ruled he with such majesty and might,
So large his deeds, so great his name appears,

So vast his bold adventures and so bright,
We fain would add our peans and our cheers;

Yet pray we one like him, upon men's sight
Shall break not in a thousand, thousand years!

The temptation to go on quoting interminably from Mr. Waterman's book is well-nigh irresistible, but this would be unfair to the prospective readers of the volume. There are pages of such quatrains as this one—

Let's not loiter or shirk,
Let's not falter or shrink,
But just think out our work
And then work out our think.

The book, which is in the holiday list of The Chapple Publishing Co., provides a most timely and happy answer to the question, "What shall I buy them for Christmas?" Doubtless two one-dollar bills could not be better invested.

In addition to his ability as a writer, Mr. Waterman also possesses the happy attribute of being a good reader. As the *Philadelphia Young People* states it:

"Mr. Waterman is one of the few poets who can read his own poems in the most delightful way. It is the singing of one whose hosts of friends never find him other than in a cheerful mood. His verse is of the kind that has an uplift in it and a clear note of appeal to higher thinking and better living. In all his rhymes one finds the kindly human touch that makes him brother to all mankind and that creates an influence for good so wide that no man may measure it."

Thousands of similar compliments have been paid him as a poet and reader. It is possible that Mr. Waterman's many-sided versatility has been superinduced in part, at least, by his wide familiarity with people and places. The years of his life have been fairly divided between the States of the

East and the West, the North and the South. His poetry reflects all manner of folks and living conditions. Joe Mitchell Chapple, who is, himself, credited with knowing more persons of prominence, the world over, than any other man, was moved to say this of the author of "A Rose to the Living":

"He is a real poet who came to Boston from the wind-swept prairies of the West, and whose human nature verses have delighted thousands. You have but to meet him once to be his friend for life—because everyone who knows him loves him for his gentleness, the spontaneity of his kindly humor and the soothing cadences of his speaking voice. More than any other poet we know, he helps us to feel the poetry of every day."

What more need be said; what more could be said? Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, who, with such children as could be borrowed from neighbors and relatives, have always constituted the family. They made their winter home in Florida for a period of twenty years. Now they reside in Boston during the season of snows, but whenever the days are such that gardens are attainable, they are at their half-hundred-acre summer home, "Fair Acres," just beyond the Blue Hills from Boston, where they specialize in flowers and vegetables, birds and butterflies, poetry and pumpkins. Mr. Waterman is the inventor of "Quolf," a fifty-fifty combination of horseshoe-pitching or quoits and golf—hence the name "quo—if." It's a good game, as played over the hazardous course at "Fair Acres," as many a guest will recall. Mr. Waterman has also invented a plant and shrub support which promises to gladden the hearts of all gardeners who would like to rescue their blossomy friends "when they're just about to fall." But the finest blossom of all that has come out of this truly poetic home is the new volume, "A Rose to the Living."

Book Reviews Continued from page 135

the sweetheart of some of the most famous men of letters in Europe. Adah achieved her greatest triumph when she rode an untamed horse to whose back she was lashed, up a narrow and steep runaway in the old Bowery Theatre which recently burned down. This was in the thrilling climax of the old melodrama "Mazeppa" which later made her world famous. When she went to London to appear in this scene she was taken up by the literary lions. The Pre-Raphaelites adored her. After a love affair with Swinburne she broke away and fled to Paris and into the arms of the aging Dumas. Paris went mad about her and royalty came to applaud her. Mr. Oursler, who is the author of "Sandalwood," "Stepchild of the Moon," and several other books and a number of plays, including "The Spider" in which he collaborated with Lowell Brentano, and which was one of Broadway's successes last season, took the title for his book from a line of Swinburne's describing

Adah. The story is not all fact, according to the author. It is a biography of a nature, a spirit that was Adah Isaacs Menken. He first heard about her from a Parisian journalist and he grew more interested in her until she fairly haunted him and he had to write about this fascinating charmer.

Boston as a Center of Grand Opera

Continued from page 112

ing to appreciate; in fact enthusiasm of the oldsters must help the youngsters—and Boston still holds her glorious reputation of being a musical center. Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco have their own opera companies. Think of it!

With over five music schools in Boston, and private studios, a permanent Opera Company will furnish an outlet of proved talent.

Also the hearing of operas will be an incentive to more finished studio work be-

cause an ideal will be offered by the permanent artists. Like many another Massachusetts venture, the mills, for instance, musical Boston realizes she has her factories, but no local market. Enthusiastic youth crowds into Boston each school year, absorbs and lives over life for a few years, looks about, is told to go elsewhere to market their talent, and discouraged, steps away as if Boston had discarded them.

Really, the Home Market Club should take this up! Has Boston ceased to be the promised land of opera because no Jordan can be found? We are saved from absolute isolation by the Chicago Civic Opera Company's fortnight visit, but can we afford to be so Insull-ated that we have no local contact with our musical friends in Boston?

The pagentry and glory of the Chicagoans visit we would not miss. Its social stimulus is one of the winter's acceptable activities.

More power to them! But let us have our Home Company, doing things well and comfortably enjoyed.

A Vendetta of the Hills

Continued from page 137

turning to the theme that appealed to him most directly. "Do you 'spose I'm goin' to work my fingers off tying up groceries after we find old Murietta's money and the White Wolf's treasure? Not by one hell of a sight, if I know myself, and I 'low as how I do."

And at the slightly opened bedroom door old Pierre Luzon, whom they all thought to be fast asleep, was listening to every word!

"But there is one thing," cried Tom Baker, striking the table fiercely as he set down his glass, I want you fellers to get next to yourselves now and make up your mind to."

"Wa'al, don't stop, Tom," said Rover. "Go on and tell us what you're thinking about. Get it off your chest, old man."

"It's just this way. By God, you fellers are not entitled to as much of this 'ere twelve or fifteen million dollars as I am, for I'm the feller that went to the governor and got his parole and brought Pierre back here to Tejon. Do you get me?"

Buck Ashley had straightened up and looked at Tom Baker with an ugly scowl on his face. "It was me," he said, "got that letter from Pierre Luzon and we all throwed in, share and share alike, all five of us. And we'll cut what we find, too, whether it's one million or fifteen million, into five equal parts, or there'll be blood flowin' good and plenty."

Baker staggered to his feet, steadied himself for a moment and began to roll up his sleeves.

"There be some things," he ejaculated, "that you jest can't let wait and settle up when the deal is all closed. I know what my rights are and you fellers can't bluff me, not by a derved sight."

"Hold on, hold on, gentlemen," interposed Munson. "Let's not commence quarreling about something we are not even sure we shall ever see. Of course we hope to be escorted into the cavern by old Pierre Luzon, and we likewise hope that he'll find the hidden treasure. And by the way, Buck, this reminds me—the cut has to be into six equal parts, not five, for we owe Luzon the squarest of square deals."

"Oh, I'm not agin' that," muttered Buck. "I just didn't remember him."

"Well," resumed Munson, "why quarrel about something that is as yet nothing but a myth? It occurs to me that we should rather, individually, and collectively, be exceedingly thankful that Pierre Luzon is alive, and that the White Wolf is dead, and that the one man who holds the secret has promised to show us this treasure."

"I've never believed one cussed word about the White Wolf being dead," growled Buck Ashley.

"Well, it sure was in the newspapers," said Tom Baker turning down his sleeves and resuming his seat.

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BOSTON

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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"Yes, it sure was in the newspapers," replied Buck, "and they jest seemed to settle the fact, leastways to their own satisfaction. But I've been a-thinkin' about Dick Willoughby. I don't believe he ever killed Marshall Thurston, I don't."

"Whoever did kill him," put in Jack Rover, "did it good and plenty. Put the shot right square through his heart."

"Well," said Tom Baker, reaching for more whisky, "I ain't got much to say, but what I says I stands to on this 'ere subject, and that is—"

Almost with one accord all turned at the creaking of the bedroom door, and there was Pierre Luzon, looking as if he had seen a ghost. His short-cropped hair seemed to be standing on end like bristles, and his eyes stared wildly at the four men. At last he cried out in a shrill voice that was almost a scream:

"Ze son of Ben Thurston killed! Ah, ha!" he laughed, hysterically. "Shot through ze heart!—vengeance at last begins! Ze White Wolf is not dead! He is one live man!"

The door was hastily closed with a loud bang, and the weird figure vanished like an apparition.

For a few moments the revellers sat in stupefied silence. Finally Buck Ashley said in a low voice: "Damn that whisky anyhow. It has made us talk too loud."

"Yes," remarked Tom Baker, "and also too dangnation much, I'm a-thinkin'."

Both were sober men now.

"Believe I'll have a snooze," said Jack Rover, seating himself on an old lounge



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in a corner of the room. But he did not lie down.

Nothing more was said for perhaps a full half hour; all were nodding or busy with their brooding thoughts.

At last Buck Ashley rose and tiptoed toward the bedroom.

"Guess I'll see if poor Pierre has gone to sleep again," he murmured.

A moment later he shouted out from the inner chamber:

"Hell, boys!—he's gone! He's given us the slip—the damned old jail-bird!"

To be continued



NATIONAL
MAGAZINE
Mostly about People

"I LIKE IT"

What more can be said of any magazine than this?

- "Yes sir, we certainly like it."
- "I do not want to miss a single number."
- "I enjoy every feature."
- "The National is all right."
- "I enjoy it more than any other."
- "Everything written by Joe Chapple attracts me."
- "Your magazine is good."
- "I like your sketches of public men."
- "The National is just perfect."

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A NATION-WIDE SELLER

Joe Mitchell Chapple's New Book, "Favorite Heart Throbs," Reviewed in a New York Dispatch, Broadcast by the United Press to Newspapers All Over the Country

The UNITED PRESS sent out the following dispatch from New York concerning this noteworthy new book "Favorite Heart Throbs."

"Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, writer and publisher, who has 'looked into the hearts of 50,000 people,' has collected poems for a book called 'Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People.' An amazing array of notables have confided in Chapple.

"President Hoover's favorite, 'The Fisherman,' from Ed-die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in ear-shot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

'Out here,' he told, with a smile,
'Away from all the city's sham,
The strife for splendor and for style,
The ticker and the telegram,
I come for just a little while
To be exactly as I am.'

"The President's second favorite poem is 'The Fishing Cure' a sequel to the first one.

"The Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, sang his favorite poem to Chapple. It is 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"The lines Henry Ford carries in his mind most are from the 'Psalm of Life' and go:

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.

"Henry Ford leans to Longfellow, also has a weakness for Whittier's 'Maud Muller,' who on a summer's day raked the meadows sweet with hay and unseen by automobile tourists.

"Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, likes:

'Still sits the schoolhouse by the road.'

"Thomas A. Edison finds his heart-throb in 'Evangeline.' The inventor of the electric light is fond of the whole poem, but likes particularly:

'Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.'

"Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, retiring star of the Department of Justice, does not give her life wholly to pro-saic court proceedings. Her favorite verse is from the Bible, second Timothy:

"'For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and of a sound mind.'"

From the Musical Courier, New York City.

Joe Mitchell Chapple, who has collected a book of verse, en-titled "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" says that

one night at the opera he heard Mr. Johnson humming a song without words while waiting for his cue, and in answer to a request as to his heart throb, the tenor replied: "I hardly realized that Shelley's 'Skylark' was one of my most cherished poems until I found myself repeating it at these intervals and applying it to others as well as myself. The poem is a sublime contrasting of human emotions and is radiant with enthusiasm and idealism." Mr. Chapple observes that it seems to him quite fitting that a singer should enjoy the music of "The Skylark," for, as the poet Wordsworth said of the same little feathered songster, "There is joy divine in that song of thine."

From the Boston Herald.

Whatever else Joe Mitchell Chapple does in the field of authorship—and the total is becoming impressive in addition to his work as editor, lecturer, traveller, etc.—he promises to be known to posterity as "the heart-throb man." His "Heart Throbs" and "More Heart Throbs" of early years go on forever like the brook. They have gone into a million homes and now he adds a third volume to the series. It is "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" which contains the bits of verse closest to the hearts of two hundred and fifty eminent Americans. The list is as broad as Mr. Chapple's friendships and interests in life. It includes statesmen, captains of industry, bishops, university presidents, opera queens, famous authors, football coaches and so on through the professions and fields of work. Each person represented is given a pleasant little biographical sketch, for Joe Chapple knows them all. It is a great book, loaded with friendliness and wholesale senti-ment through its 415 pages.

From the Los Angeles, Calif. Express.

Poetic heart throbs of nearly two hundred persons (the great and the near great) are included in this collection.

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" heads the list with eight choices. Follows Kipling's "If" with five and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" with four. Poems of James Whitcomb Riley inspired but three of the 200 persons, selections from the Bible were named by three.

Most of the actors drew on Shakespeare, this Bard of Avon being honored seven times. Longfellow was given six votes with different poems, Whittier five, Burns three, Poe two and Kipling three besides "If."

Gray's "Elegy" appealed to a publisher, novelist, politician, poet, merchant, governor, Congressman, railroad presi-dent and philanthropist.

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W. A. Clements,
464 Wilmot Ave.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

An American, the son of one of General Grant's
soldiers, wants to thank you for your program this
date. It was wonderful. Your hour on the air was
the best I ever heard. Again I thank you.

J. H. Elwell,
33 Brewster Road,
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Hays regime was
a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authen-
ticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks to
you and the station WEEI from which this perfect
radio casting was made possible.

Watson M. Ayers,
Danvers, Mass.

I had the privilege and pleasure of listening to
you last evening over the radio at WEEI, Boston, on
"Face to Face with our Presidents." You did splen-
didly in reproducing the spirit of the times. I am
a retired minister of the New England Methodist
Conference in my 97th year, able to take an inter-
est in what is going on in town, state, country and
world. You have first class talent in reproducing
characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next
Sunday night.

Mrs. John W. Patrick,
634 Prospect St.,
Methuen, Mass.

Your broadcasts are wonderful. When your half
hour is over, I have that same feeling I experience
after a good turkey dinner—I have taken in mind
something on which to feed and something that can be
digested and so do me good mentally. We people
who cannot see do certainly appreciate these won-
derful choice things which come to us over the air
from such brainy and busy men. Your voice, too
carries well, and every word is so distinctly enun-
ciated.

W. S. Preyer,
W. S. Preyer & Co.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Your radio broadcasting received splendidly and
comments of friends and associates very flattering
to you and we look forward with eagerness to con-
tinuation of your program. Such talks as you are
giving are particularly interesting to young America.

J. Milnor Walmsley,
Union Trust Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Na-
tional Broadcasting Co. and to Mr. Chapple for a
program that is not only a wonderful entertainment,
but is most interesting from an educational stand-
point. I do not think the program can be im-
proved.

H. G. Robertson,
33 Carver St.,
Springfield, Mass.

You surely have that happy faculty of making one
forget one's self and see through your eyes; it is
indeed a pleasure to listen to your vivid descriptions.

G. Campbell Bensley,
1a Ivy St.,
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have
derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I
think of all programs, barring none, we have en-
joyed yours the most. The personal touch and in-
sight into the life and character of the great men
of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am
fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica
Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,
3 Acton St.,
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although
one may have read a great deal of the life of many
of whom you speak somehow you seem to have
always come in closer touch and to know some
little interesting thing that one would get in no
other way. Though one may have looked upon the
very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed
it with different eyes and in a different light. One
is sure to become enlightened by what you have
to say.

R. Wright,
Summer St.,
Boston, Mass.

Joe Chapple certainly makes your heart throb.
The best talks I've heard on the radio.

Mrs. Philip P. Lund,
810 E. 3rd St.,
South Boston, Mass.

I have enjoyed Mr. Chapple's most inspiring talks.

H. A. Merion,
Hotel La Salle,
Boston, Mass.

I listen in and have a wonderful time when you
are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

Mrs. Eva W. Schneider,
33 Wetherbee Ave.,
Lowell, Mass.

I was very much interested and greatly pleased
with your broadcast last Sunday afternoon. I hope
to listen to many more in the future.

Geo. H. Shea,
309 North Ave.,
No. Abington, Mass.

Your half hour "on the air" today has turned a
dull day into an interesting one. Since hearing you
speak, a few years ago, at Boston University, I have
been interested in whatever you have to say or
write.

H. B. Daviss,
Lawyer, Corsicana, Texas.

Chanced to "tune in" on your lecture "Face to
Face with our Presidents" and enjoyed every word
of your lecture, with its interspersed music, etc. I
shall give myself the pleasure of listening in to the
remainder of your talks. Indeed, I very genuinely
enjoyed this personal touch with you, for such it
seemed.

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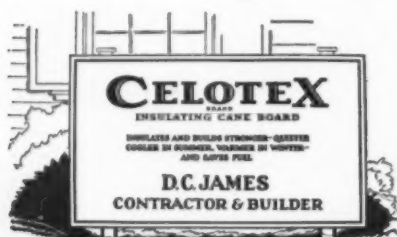
HEAT leaking roofs and walls waste fuel, create extra furnace labor, increase household worries. They cause discomfort and endanger health by making rooms cold, hallways draughty and floors chilly and damp.

Ordinary building materials do not offer enough resistance to this wasteful heat loss. A special material is required—one that has superior qualities of *insulation*.

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Everywhere Celotex Standard Building



Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, attics and garages; for insulating roofs of old homes as well as new. Celotex Lath gives new beauty to plastered walls because it is designed to eliminate cracks and lath marks. And Celotex is used as insulation in thousands of refrigeration cars and in many household refrigerators.

Think of the new living comfort Celotex brings you... comfort undreamed of by other generations. Warm, evenly heated rooms in winter... cool, enjoy-

able living quarters in summer, even with an oven-baking temperature outside!

Find out all you can about this remarkable fuel-saving and comfort bringing material. Ask your contractor, architect and lumber dealer. Or write direct to us, and ask for the Celotex book, "Year 'Round Comfort and

Fuel Saving".

The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath.

These Sections Are of Equal
Insulation Value



Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete... As a heat stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times plasterboard; 12 times brick; 25 times concrete. (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928)

The word
CELOTEX
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
is the trademark of and
indicates manufacture by
The Celotex Company
Chicago, Ill.

*When you buy a house
look for this sign...
it is your assurance of
greater home comfort*

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE



GREAT WHITE FLEET

Caribbean Cruises

WHEN you plan to cruise southward this winter, think of the romance and history that clusters round every port of call in the Golden Caribbean.

... and your memories of the past are made more enjoyable by the luxurious comforts of the present. For Great White Fleet ships are built especially for tropical cruising. Every room is an outside room open to views of sea and sky; food served is equal in variety and quality to that served in any first-class hotel.

... and there is a fine degree of personal service that makes good the slogan of the Great White Fleet —“Every Passenger a Guest.”

*Sailings from New York and
New Orleans twice every
week in the year*

Great White Fleet Cruises to the Caribbean carry only first-class passengers and every detail for their comfort and amusement—hotel accommodations, motor trips ashore, railroad journeys, sight-seeing jaunts are all carefully planned in advance—and everything is included in the price you pay for your ticket.

Address Passenger Department
United Fruit Company
Room 1650
17 Battery Place, New York City

Write for beautiful booklet “Caribbean Cruises” and leaflets giving full details of Winter Cruises to the Caribbean.



10 to 24-Day Cruises to

Cuba Havana	Jamaica Port Antonio Kingston	Panama Canal Zone Cristobal	Costa Rica Port Limon	Colombia Cartagena Puerto Colombia Santa Marta	Guatemala Puerto Barrios Guatemala City	British Honduras Belize	Spanish Honduras Puerto Cortez Puerto Castilla Tela
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For sale at leading Hotels of the
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POLAND SPRING COMPANY
680 Fifth Avenue, New York



Peace the Dominant Christmas Sentiment

Christmas Greetings to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE come from all directions emphasizing the conviction that Christmas is still Christmas in the year when the message of Peace on Earth is approaching a reality

And So Proclaims the Mayor of Boston

Dear Mr. Chapple

The Christmas spirit of 1929 is identified in my thought with the confidence and hopefulness for the future that ought to stimulate the mind of every American citizen when he thinks of the blessings which ordered liberty and free institutions have showered upon his countrymen. Every Christmastime with its allusion to the birth of the Saviour symbolizes the dawn of a new life to be filled with promise and high endeavor.

MALCOLM E. NICHOLS.

Expresses The Penney Store Spirit

Another Christmas is about to add its glowing gem to the lustrous necklace of the years, and once again I am privileged to extend Christmas greetings to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" was a proclamation of momentous meaning. The great and dominating Roman race had commenced its decline when the Star arose in the East.

It is fitting, therefore, as we come to this anniversary of the world's greatest of all glorious events that we join the universal chorus in singing "Gloria in Excelsis. Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." It is apparent that this spirit of "Peace on Earth" is slowly but surely becoming the guiding spirit among nations throughout a large part of the world today. If the consummation so devoutly to be hoped for be attained—that of Universal Peace—it will make of this old world a far more desirable place in which to live than it has been under a regime of discord and of war upon the slightest pretext. Let us then, on this anniversary of the greatest event in the world's history, join in singing "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come."

J. C. PENNEY.

Greetings From The President of The Radio Corporation of America

The approach of Christmas time discloses in a more practical sense than ever before the spirit of peace on earth and the brotherhood of man.

The tendency of world governments to work together in the interests of world peace, and the increasing exchange of ideas between the scattered peoples of the earth, are significant of a new era in human progress.

J. G. HARBORD.

Christmas As It Used To Be

Christmas as it used to be!
That's the thing would gladden me.
Kith and Kin from far and near
Joining in the Christmas cheer.
Oh, the laughing girls and boys!
Oh, the feasting and the joys!
Wouldn't it be good to see
Christmas as it used to be?

Christmas as it used to be,—
Snow a-bending bush and tree,
Bells a-jingling down the lane;
Cousins John and Jim and Jane,
Sue and Kate and all the rest,
Dressed up in their Sunday best,
Coming to that world of glee,—
Christmas as it used to be.
Christmas as it used to be,—
Been a long, long time since we
Wished, when Santa Claus should come,
You a doll and I a drum,
You a book and I a sled
Strong and swift and painted red,—
Oh, that day of jubilee!
Christmas as it used to be.

Christmas as it used to be!

It is still as glad and free
And as fair and full of truth
To the clearer eyes of youth.
Could we glimpse it gladly through
Eyes our children's children do
In their joy-time, we should see
Christmas as it used to be.

Christmas as it used to be!
Let the old folks once more see,
In fond memory the joys
That were theirs, as girls and boys.
Let them on this Christmas Day
Put their every care away;
Let their taste once more the glee
Of Christmas as it used to be.

NIXON WATERMAN.

The First Assistant P. M. General

This seems a good Christmas to emphasize "good-will" among mankind a text for international bridling of arms.

JOHN HENRY BARTLETT.

The Novelist Finds Charm in Christmas Atmosphere

Characters in Fiction seem to come closer to the heart of an author and reader when there is a Christmas atmosphere about that mellows with its spirit of kindliness.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS.

The Eminent Motion Picture Director

No greater joy can come to us nationally and individually than a true understanding of the Spirit of Christmas, for there is no greater thing than love.

CECIL B. DEMILLE.

President of The N. B. C. Broadcasts

My greetings to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE "God Bless us every one." This was the Christmas Salutation of Tiny Tim and who has expressed the Christmas sentiments with a more enduring heart throb better than Charles Dickens.

M. H. AYLESWORTH.

The Author Asks for Year-Round Christmas

I am one of those unusual Christians who think every day ought to be Christmas. That is to say, the spirit of love and service which we celebrate on that day ought to apply to all our lives. There is no reason why it should be good for one day, or for one week, and not for the other days and weeks. Because our competitive industrial system makes this an impossibility, I am what is called a Christian Socialist. I send your readers this thought to ponder over, together with my best Christmas Socialist greetings.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

The Governor of Massachusetts

I am happy to have this opportunity to extend to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE my Christmas greetings. May the message of the angels, clear as it was nineteen hundred years ago, echo in all our hearts this Christmastide—Peace on earth, goodwill to men!


FRANK G. ALLEN.

The Beloved Radio Preacher

My Dear Joe Chapple
Christmas and the New Year bring their own joy, and I indeed hope that the readers of The NATIONAL MAGAZINE will enter into that joy, pressed down and running over for every one of them, man, woman and child.

The work which you are doing to make human life more complete and satisfactory commands our admiration and still more, our affection.

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.



**The Author of "A Rose to the Living"
Expresses his Sentiments in a Poem**

"Merry Christmas!" How old and familiar that greeting and yet how forever fresh and new! As long as love shall last, the Christmas tenderness of heart must remain as the very spirit and substance of all that is highest and holiest of human emotions.

Christmas Day, and all the good and gracious sentiments for which it stands, touches the hearts of all, old and young, rich and poor.

Surely no one could consider it a truly Christmasy occasion without the presence of the little folks. But let it not be forgotten that there is a more touching and tender, a more sweet yet sad, seeming lent to the day's observance by the presence of those who having felt the strife and stress of life, are looking back over the long, long years to the time when they knew the simple, unalloyed delights of childhood. For them the Christmas merriment may hold much of melancholy. It is they who should be most tenderly remembered on Christmas Day.

Where else in all our broad land, can be seen a Christmas spectacle so full of tender, touching joyousness, so beautifully expressive of the true Christmas spirit as is in happy evidence every Christmas Day in the palatial home of the Advertising Club of America, in New York City? On these Christmas celebrations the members of the club search hither and yon for all the old people whose home surroundings are shorn of Christmas cheer and companionship. Primarily this joyous philanthropy was intended for men who who had grown old in the profession of advertising, and for their life mates. But the Christmas spirit is too broad to draw the line excluding any one in need of a friend at Christmastide, and so "whosoever will may come."

Last Christmas day, those who were so fortunate as to look in upon the joytime this advertising Club was giving the grateful old people saw the editor of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE with others devoting the day to the splendid work of making the occasion one of joyousness to the assembled guests. Just here I am going to slip in a few words, richly deserved, to the effect that Joe Chapple is one who does not forget the lonely fathers and mothers in humble homes at Christmas time. He made the old folks, who were present, young again in the magic of childhood memories, and the age limit of the life span was forgotten. He joined them in the spirit of a son who had returned home to share Christmas with them. In all his remarks there was not the slightest reference to age. All were boys and girls again and seemingly forgetful of the fact that the passing of the years had left its mark on cheek and brow. Hearts and faces once more owned the charm of youth.

And so it is that as nearly as a fond regard for those who are hungering for friendliness; as nearly as money and a tender consideration for their happiness can supply it, these dear old souls who foregather at the spacious home of the Advertising Club of America each year are made to revel in the joys that meant so much to them in the old, glad days and to live once more, at least in their memories, Christmas as it used to be.

NIXON WATERMAN.

From The U. S. Secretary of Labor

With all my heart I wish every one a Christmas Day that is merry and happy. That wish I entertain especially for our millions of working people. One thing that should deepen our joy this year is the consciousness that we have gained enormously much in practical wisdom during these past ten years. This year we were startled by the shock to our normal business progress. We have had these shocks before, but this one is different.

President Hoover's conference with leading business men and labor leaders was a perfect example of this new wisdom we have attained. We know how to handle these shocks to progress now.

This new addition to wisdom is one of the greatest blessings a people ever had. It is why I wish the American people this year happiness at Christmas time, the season when we all feel disposed to give and make each other rejoice. People who are depressed and distressed by losses and unemployment cannot properly rejoice at the coming of the Man sent here to make this a better world. But one thing we often forget about the Master whose birth we celebrate at Christmas time is that He expects us to help Him make this a better world. This year we can say to ourselves we have done just this. In fact, if we have suffered to any extent in a material way, it has only deepened our natures and given us further gifts of wisdom to be thankful for.

JAMES J. DAVIS.

Elsie Janis Says Much in Four Lines

I wish your readers as much sunshine and happiness as we are having here in California and that life may be filled with joy.

ELSIE JANIS.

KARISIMBI

By Snows abundant cooled and crowned
You tower aloft and guard the ground
Gorillas have their habitat;
Where elephants and buffalo
In herds tread down the jungle mat;
The soul majestic you should know
Who gained for them a freedom fine
Forever and their endless line.
This Saviour spirit now I send
With greetings fond to you, my friend.

MARY L. JOBE AKELEY.

I think that Christmas means as much to the world today as it ever did. It should mean more, because the world needs it more. We need to be taken out of ourselves, to forget for a moment the cares and distractions of our too artificial lives, and to get back to some of the simple, homely things that seem to be associated more with an earlier day than with the present. The family grouped about the fireside, friends and neighbors coming and going, the air filled with the laughter of children, and over all the spirit of peace and good will—can we improve upon this setting for the Christmas scene? Let us try to observe Christmas, 1929, in this spirit.

GEO. B. CORTELYOU.

**The Head Of The U. S. Veterans
Bureau**

My dear Mr. Chapple:

What do I think of the "Spirit of Christmas of 1929?" Well, just what I think of every Christmas—that just as a glorious sunset closes the day with a promise of dawn, so Christmas, with its memories, its cheer, its spontaneous thought for others, its color and glow, closes the year with a promise eternal as hope.

I appreciate this opportunity to send again to the readers of NATIONAL MAGAZINE my best wishes for Christmas and the coming year; without such exchanges of greeting each season, I fear the spirit of Christmas would indeed fade from our hearts and minds, and this old world needs every bit of it that we can foster. I cannot hold with those who feel that Christmas salutations are an idle gesture; but only hope that the message I send may approximate in some measure the pleasure I feel in the many kind greetings I receive each Christmas.

FRANK T. HINES.

**The Playwright Presents The Picture of
Real Profits**

In a year, at the end of which a good many of us have "lost in the market," it may be well to remember our previous greater losses in that larger market called Life.

Of late, that market has been a dull market for financial gains. But it has been a bear market for such public utilities as kindness, courtesy, culture, camaraderie, and the fine things of existence. We've all been selling these things short.

Our other losses may prove to be gains if they serve to remind us that there are things more important than money, and that the exclusion, or even partial forgetfulness of these things, in our quest for material profits, must result in actual loss, whatever the commercial result of what nothing can keep from being unwise preoccupation.

The real profits from Life cannot be set down in ledgers. The real joys cannot be bought—and should not be sold!

CHANNING POLLOCK.

The Popular Poet Says it in Verse

I hope that you're as happy as a Huckleberry Bear,
As a Bear when huckleberries grow;
I hope that you're as happy as a Lion in
his lair,
Or a walrus flopping on the floe.

I hope that you're as happy as a Bombinating Bee,
Or an Airplane zooming from the fog;
I hope that you're as happy as a Salmon
in the sea,
Or a Hardshell Turtle on a log.

I hope that you're as happy as a Coney Island Clam
When the floodtide curdles up the bar;
I hope that you will always be as happy
as I am
To know that you're as happy as you
are!

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN.



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